THE NOVELIST AND CHRIST... BY ALAN PATON AND LISTON POPE

# Saturday Review

DECEMBER 4, 1954 / 20¢

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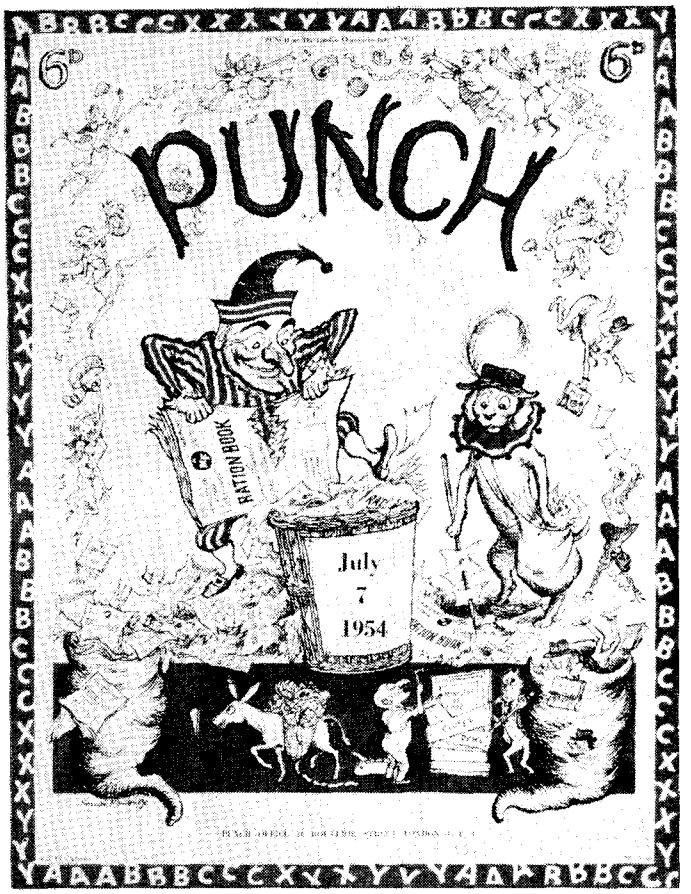


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# Happiest Letter You'll Ever Write

By THURMAN PRICE

SOME TIME IN YOUR LIFE I suppose you've written a love letter. What would you have given if, *instead of having to wait for an answer*, you could have *actually seen* the expression on a very particular, very special face while that letter was being read?

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DECEMBER 4, 1954

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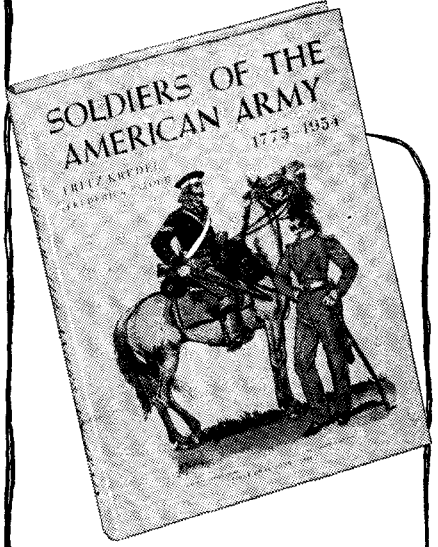


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# TRADE Winds

**THE MAN I HAD MET** while breakfasting on the diner rode with me in a taxi from the Detroit station to the Sheraton-Cadillac Hotel.

"Pretty soft for you," he observed, "just working thirty minutes a week on that television show."

I informed him with some *hauteur* that I also had a publishing business and a couple of columns to take care of. "No offense intended," he assured me hastily. "If it was me sitting next to a babe like Arlene Francis every Sunday it would take me the whole week to get over it. But say—do you always get a reception like this?"

Standing in front of the hotel, with wide smiles of greeting on their faces, were Neal Lang, astute manager of the Sheraton-Cadillac, a number of his frockcoated flunkeys, the mayor, and several other gentlemen fat enough to be vice presidents of something or other very important. "The delegation is a bit larger than usual," I admitted.

It then developed that the honored guest-to-be was not I at all—but William V. S. Tubman, the President of Liberia. So we joined the delegation—and as luck would have it, mine was one of the first hands that President Tubman shook. "I've always wanted to see your city," he told me warmly. "I'm glad you could make it," I answered. My trainmate whispered, "Brother, Liberia is in the bag." Then his eyes fairly popped. "Don't tell me," he gasped, "that that prosperous-looking citizen descending from yonder Cadillac is also a Liberian!"

"I won't tell you he is also a Liberian," I said, "because he happens to be Sam Levenson, the peripatetic Brooklyn pedagogue." Sam, now a top-flight nightclub entertainer, earns as much in one week as he used to make in a whole winter of cultivating the minds of embryo Dodger fans. I'd say, in fact, that he's the only schoolteacher I know who is getting anything like the salary he deserves.

**IN DETROIT, SAM** had plenty to say about his Aunt Beckie, who thinks this is the worst of all possible worlds. The last time she took to her bed Sam went completely out of his mind and sent her a magnum of champagne and a pound of caviar. The next evening he phoned her. "How are you, Aunt Beckie?" he asked. "Dying, of course," she moaned. "You never acknowledged my gift," he accused her. "Didn't you like it?" "I'll tell you," said Aunt Beckie thoughtfully. "The ginger ale wasn't so bad. But that huckleberry jelly . . . ! You must have left it standing next to some fish in the ice box all night!"

**SAM LEVENSON WASN'T** the only teacher visiting Detroit. Several thousand members of the Michigan Education Association also were convening there, and I had the pleasure of addressing them. I launched my remarks with a story about a dog, despite the fact that the roof had fallen in on another speaker who had recently essayed a tale of similar nature in the same locality.

My story concerned a New York merchant who went South on vacation to do a little hunting. He rented a hunting dog for five dollars at the lodge he patronized and sallied forth. It soon became apparent that this dog was a champion. In one hour the merchant was back with a full bag, his reputation as a huntsman greatly enhanced.

The next year he demanded the same dog. "You mean 'Teacher'," the lodge owner assured him. "The price is now ten dollars." The year following the dog's name had been changed to "Principal," and the price was up to twenty dollars.

The huntsman grumbled, but couldn't do a thing about it. He just had to have that dog! So again he arrived at the lodge and put in his claim

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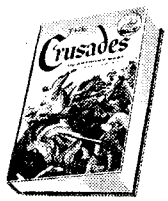


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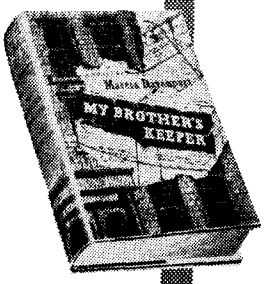


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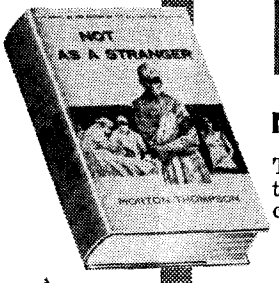


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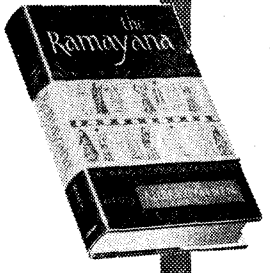


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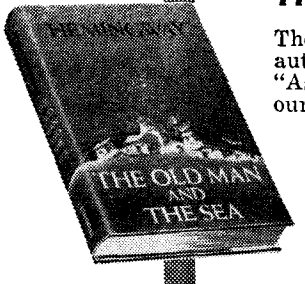


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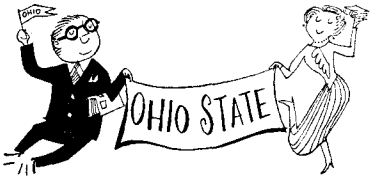
but the owner registered despondency and sighed, "You can't have that dog any longer, mister. It's our fault. We've ruined him for hunting. This spring we renamed him 'State Superintendent of Schools' and from that moment on all he's done is sit on his fanny and bark!"

Incidentally, this story can be used to good effect at sales meetings, simply substituting "Salesman," "Supersalesman," and "Sales Manager" for the names of the dog. The way I told it in Detroit evoked a great roar of laughter—greater in fact than I felt the joke warranted. Later I discovered the reason. The gentleman who had introduced me and was sitting directly behind me on the platform was the State Superintendent of Schools in Michigan.

**I ADDRESSED ANOTHER** huge gathering of over 8,000 teachers the week following in the Columbus Coliseum. These Ohio and Michigan convocations are an annual event that Eastern states might emulate to advantage. One day in every school-year classes are suspended (the kids approve heartily) and the teachers assemble for a series of addresses and special meetings. The idea is not to criticize or upbraid them in any way. They simply have the opportunity to exchange ideas, hear of new trends in the scholastic world, and be assured by everybody from the governor down that nobody in their state is doing a more important or necessary job. The assembly gives them a wonderful shot in the arm. They return to their work with a new enthusiasm and gratified sense of being appreciated by the community. At the Ohio meeting they even heard of an impending raise in pay. This put them in such a good humor that nobody left when my address followed. I must suggest a similar procedure when I speak at the State Penitentiary later this month!

**AT THE CONCLUSION** of my Columbus address four teachers approached me with a question of burning importance. "Do you think," they wanted to know, "that Ohio State will get to the Rose Bowl in Pasadena this year?" In Columbus, football is not




a pastime; it's a religion. I answered, "Nothing can stop them!" I didn't want to be ridden out of town on a rail. (P.S. Nothing *did* stop them!)

**MY RECENT WANDERINGS** also took me to La Porte, Indiana, a lovely town

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It was, as you can well imagine, quite a conversation.

From the word-for-word transcripts of the meetings, the author of this book, Arthur Goodfriend, has extracted 100 of the best things that were said—the most penetrating and fascinating observations about American life. He has illustrated them with 169 wonderful photographs in which all sorts of Americans are caught in the act of being themselves. And he has added a brief, delightful narrative which—in a sort of counterpoint to the 100 selected comments—shows how one American and his friends grew up in the 20th century.

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whose broad streets are lined with stately maple trees. I walked to the Auditorium on a carpet of golden leaves. An Indian summer sun made the cheerful, typically American scene look just like a cover on *The Saturday Evening Post* or *This Week* magazines. I was introduced to the La Porte audience by Sue Handley, who had recently been crowned, for obvious reasons, Miss Indiana, and was a college mate of Joe Hayes, who wrote "The Desperate Hours." We lingered too long over reminiscences and coffee, so my forty-mile ride to make a connection in Niles, Michigan, was one of those dashes you see in the movies. We went through South Bend so fast that I never even caught a glimpse of Notre Dame or the Studebaker plant.

My train was standing in the Niles station when we arrived. (There wasn't another one for eight hours.) I tumbled out of the automobile before it had come to a stop, dragging my suitcase, and hollering, "Wait for baby." Unfortunately, I was on the wrong side of the train. Every door was tightly closed. The conductors and porters were on the opposite platform. My gallop down the cinder track was the sort of despairing pilgrimage you suffer through in a recurrent dream of trains or planes missed, or important rendezvous frustrated by all kinds of inexplicable interruptions.

This time the story had a happy ending. The engineer, leaning out of the window of his Diesel, saw me stumbling along the track, and held the train until I circled in front of it, and was hoisted aboard the mail car.

I'm getting a bit old for this sort of thing. It took me twenty minutes to regain my breath. I lost it again when the conductor suggested, "Why don't you take that book of yours back to the club car? The Detroit football team is aboard, coming back from Chicago. They'll give you the chance to read between the Lions!"

Everybody wants to get into the act!

—BENNETT CERF.

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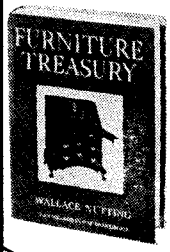


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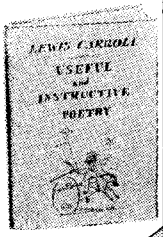


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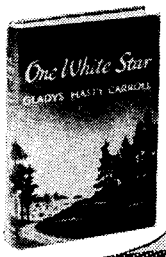


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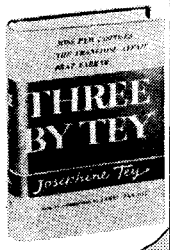


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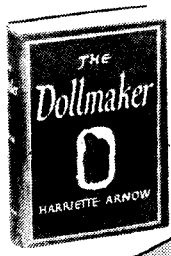


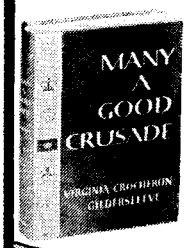


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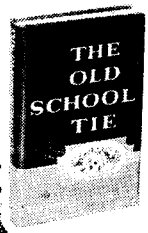


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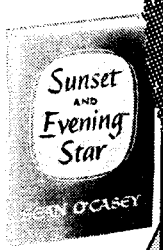


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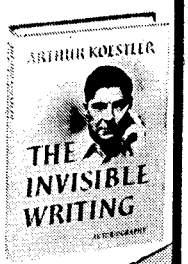


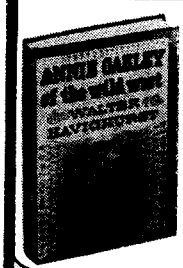


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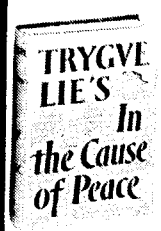


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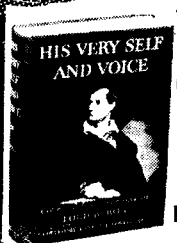


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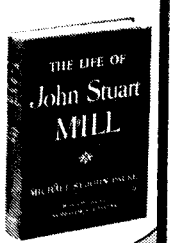


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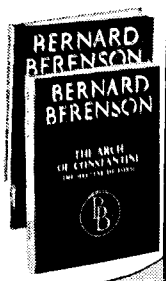


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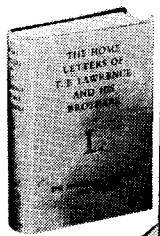


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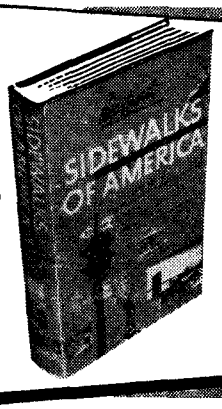


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*The Saturday Review*

DECEMBER 4, 1954

# THE NOVELIST AND CHRIST

By ALAN PATON AND LISTON POPE

*From time to time writers have been inspired, magnetized by His personality, to compose fantasies in which Christ, or a Christ-like figure, momentarily returns to earth—usually only affecting the life of a small region and a few people. What becomes of a typical front-line platoon in World War I if one of the privates is Christ? How does a fierce old Inquisitor of the sixteenth century respond to a visit of Christ? That this device is a very dangerous one on which to pin a narrative is the conclusion of the collaborating authors of this article: Alan Paton, South African reformatory principal before he became the author of "Cry, the Beloved Country," and Liston Pope, clergyman and dean of the Yale Divinity School.*

WE BEGAN to write this essay-review eighteen months ago in Geneva. One of us had earlier attempted a novel about Christ's return to South Africa in the form of a young Afrikaaner; somehow the story burned out before burning through. The other had spent years in the effort to interpret Christ's relevance for the modern world, and had concluded that discipleship is infinitely more difficult than supposed by recent generations, as represented for example in Charles M. Sheldon's phenomenal best seller, "In His Steps" (1897). We joined forces, uncertainly, for a further expedition, setting out to explore fiction in English that has undertaken to depict the return of Christ to earth in the twentieth century, in his own form or in some other guise, as Christ or as Christ-symbol. In the process we hoped to understand more clearly both the literary problems of presenting Christ to this century and also the relation of Christ to modern culture.

Our first task was that of discovering the significant attempts of this kind. Almost no bibliographical aids are available. Card catalogues of libraries are generally more helpful on the depredations of the boll-weevil than on the return of Christ in *any* guise. It was necessary for us to move from insatiable reader to knowledgeable friend, garnering titles as we went. In the process we learned a great deal about prevalent ideas of the Christ-symbol: apparently any fictional character qualifies who is innocent, selfless, and strange, even if he is banal or amoral or utterly humanist.

All told, some thirty novels and plays were examined with care, and only fourteen were found to deal potentially with our theme. In addition, there are occasional episodes in other novels in which a Christ-figure appears briefly and rather incidentally, without full development or structural import for the story. A good example is that of the strange visitor who speaks briefly to the wounded soldiers in a front-line cellar during World War I, in Jerome K. Jerome's "All Roads Lead to Calvary" (1919). While this device for making a point is employed fairly often, it seldom does more than make the point. In comparison to the centrality of the Christ-figure in art-forms of earlier epochs in Western civilization, the concern with him in the modern novel is slight indeed, and it is doubtless to be attributed to the secularization of our age and its arts.

The theme itself is a forbidding and

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august one. The Christian belief about Christ is that He was the Creator of the world, who put on the flesh and bones of a creature and walked His own earth, that man might be reconciled to God through His Incarnation; He was crucified and buried, He rose again and ascended into heaven, whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead. The theme is therefore, even if one disbelieves it, one of great majesty, and one of great dramatic possibility. The story has been told in those four books called the Gospels, but that has not prevented some writers from retelling it, nor has it prevented others from imagining the reappearance of Christ in human guise at some second point in human history.

THE reappearance of Christ as subject for a story presents great difficulties as well as exciting possibilities. The writer of fiction creates characters, but here is one he cannot create; he must interpret him. Even a non-Christian writer might well be awed by this task of portraying such a man; but much more the Christian writer, who must portray his Divine Master, who must re-enact historic acts in present contexts, and must put as yet unpublished words into the mouth of one of whom it was said, never man spake like this man. There are all the dangers of portraying oversweet humilities, and of uttering less-than-profound judgments. Yet the reader may cherish the exciting hope that he will suddenly encounter in some such story the authentic note, struck without warning, not by device but out of sheer inevitableness, some ringing and rending note of majesty or grief or judgment, such notes as were struck by Francis Thompson in his "Hound of Heaven," where the poet put into the mouth of God Himself majestic and unforgettable words.

Such an authentic note is no doubt more easily struck by the poet than by the storywriter, and more easily by the writer of fragment and legend than by the novelist or playwright. Dostoevsky struck it in his brief tale of the Inquisitor, contained in the novel "The Brothers Karamazov" (1880). What would he have done with the story of Christ's reappearance? There seems no doubt that he would have overshadowed his competitors, for while he was in thrall to the Divine Majesty he was and knew himself to be a sinner. Perhaps it was this knowledge that prevented him. One thing is certain, however, that this knowledge is indispensable to the writer of such a story.

Another thing is certain also, that the desire to judge the sins of others is of all motives the most dangerous. No book showed this more clearly than Upton Sinclair's "They Call Me Carpenter" (1922). Although it is the story of a dream, its intention to portray the reappearance of Christ is unmistakable. Mr. Sinclair's purpose was to judge America, especially the America that was indifferent to the welfare of its working people. His Christ is a tool, and achieves majesty only at those rare moments when he utters one of the sayings of the Gospels. He is described as a "grave and impressive personality," but in fact he is not. Mr. Sinclair had no deep understanding of the Christ of the Gospels, who was concerned as deeply with sinners as with social wrongs; what is more, his Christ is no more than a tender and puzzled creature, who in the end runs back to the stained-glass window from which he had descended. Mr. Sinclair wrote with social purpose, which is legitimate; but Christ is not a whip wherewith writers may chastise society. It is the writer who must be the tool.

Miss Olive Shreiner's "Trooper Peter Halket" (1897) was also a chastisement of society, of Cecil Rhodes and his Chartered Company. Here the Stranger comes and sits by the fire of a British soldier who is lost in the African veld, and who had been so corrupted by this world that he thought little of the raping of black women and the killing of black men. He tells the Stranger of his adventures with a kind of innocent boastfulness, but is slowly taken captive by the talk of the other, who tells him of his own great company, forever growing, all brothers one of another and sons of one father.

"I would like to be one of your men," says Halket wistfully. "I am tired of belonging to the Chartered Company."

Then he cries out, "My Master, let me go with you," but the Stranger has already gone. A few days later Halket is shot dead, trying to free a black prisoner in the dead of the night.

It is a touching novel, slight and short, somewhat outdated. But Miss Schreiner's tale is about Peter Halket, and she thus does not need to confront the massive difficulties that face writers of a fuller story. The touching impression is made by her own burning sincerity, which everywhere illumines her didactic purpose. Although it is Christ the social reformer rather than Christ the personal Savior whom she portrayed, although she too used Christ to chastise society, she did so with an understanding and reverence that Mr. Sinclair did not possess.

Charles Rann Kennedy, in his once well-known play "The Servant in the House" (1908) nailed his colors boldly and unequivocally to the mast. He clearly intended his butler Manson to be Christ, and he clearly understood that Christ was Savior as well as reformer, judge as well as lover. One of the most treasured stories of the Gospels is that of the washing by Jesus of the disciples' feet, but it is a story of majesty as well as humility. Mr. Kennedy never succeeds in portraying this compounded majesty and humility. Consider this passage:

> BISHOP OF LANCASHIRE: . . . . . if I could have my way with you, I would have you publicly whipped. I would nail you up, sir, for an example!
>
> MANSON: I have encountered similar hostility before, my Lord—from gentlemen very like your Lordship. Allow me . . . . . .
> *(He opens the door, his eyes flashing).*

Why did Mr. Kennedy fail? Is it because he used a theatricality that today we find irritating? Or is it be-

(*Continued on page* 56)

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

## QUI SCRIPSIT?

Numerous non-Latin authors have put Latin titles on works written in their own tongues (which in no instance was Latin). Ned Beatty Bartlow of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, asks you to identify the writers who devised the ten titles that appear below. If you name six, fair enough; seven, assez bien; eight or better, ganz gut. Answers on page 56.

1. "Quo Vadis?"
2. "Sartor Resartus"
3. "Prospice"
4. "Fors Clavigera"
5. "Via Crucis"
6. "De Profundis"
7. "Invictus"
8. "Apologia pro Vita Sua"
9. "Liber Amoris"
10. "Virginibus Puerisque"

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# THE LITERARY SAMPLER

*EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS*

## The Navigator's Job

BESIDES knowing his point of no return before every ocean flight, the navigator must figure out alternate places where he can land in case his destination socks in with fog or closes for some other reason. This happens not too rarely in the moody North Atlantic region and even when blind-landing systems are operating, an airport may be closed on account of high wind, heavy snow, flood, fire, or accident.

If there are plenty of alternates near the destination the problem may be easy, but if, as in the British Isles, everything within hundreds of miles can fold up at once in dense fog, the situation may be tough. When the only sure alternate is a long way off, the navigator may have to calculate how far he can go and still have a choice of landing places. In other words, after he has passed his "point of no return," he may yet have a "point of no alternate" ahead of him before which he must either turn toward the alternate or forfeit his chance to do so. Or he may have multiple points of no alternate. The calculation of these is a nice geometric problem, as are others of the navigator's emergency problems, like the pattern of the "square search" designed for most efficient location of a known point when you are lost in its general vicinity.

Almost anything can happen in navigating the ocean. Not long ago a plane was flying a load of passengers from Casablanca to New York. After stopping at the Azores it took off for Newfoundland, but less than two hours later a report came that all landing fields on Newfoundland were closing on account of fog.

As the point of no return was still a long way ahead, the crew turned the plane around and headed back for the Azores. But before they got there they were stunned to hear by radio that fog had folded up every Azores airport also.

Hastily scanning his maps in all directions the navigator now discovered that his only possible alternate was in Africa. So back they flew and had just enough gas to land once more in Casablanca to the exasperation of the passengers, who had confidently expected by this time to be coming into New York.

That's the way of navigation. Factors must be weighed on factors, some fixed, some variable. Contingencies on contingencies. Decisions on decisions.

*—From "Song of the Sky," by Guy Murchie (Houghton Mifflin).*

## The Dread of the Worker

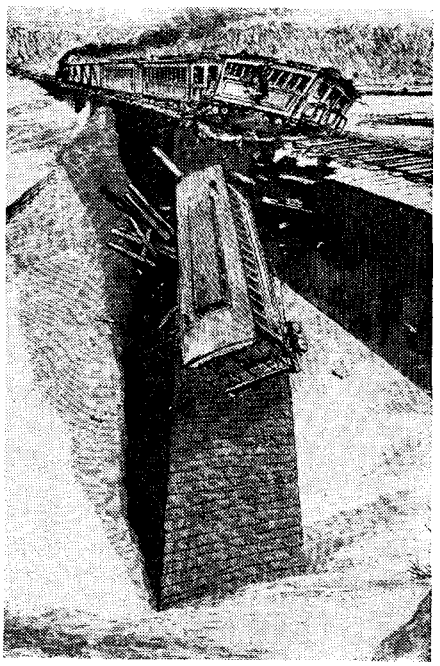
STATUS and partnership are not all that men and women ask from the economic system in which they work. Security and stability concern them no less. In fact, in modern society, fear of unemployment remains the darkest of the shadows thrown by the past. In an industrial order, a man out of work is almost a man out of life. His kind of work requires the cooperation of hundreds of other workers and of the great machines. When they stop turning, his capacity to work stops with them. Waiting for re-employment, he must become, after a certain time, resentful and neurotic. The day of the agitator opens with the alienation of the masses from free society. Nor is the collapse of confidence confined to the workers. In the Thirties, many men of education and background on both sides of the Atlantic turned to Communism in sick disgust at the waste and misery they saw around them.

This mood, rather than positive loyalty to Moscow, accounts for the Leftward trend of younger intellectuals before the war. It was the selfishness and heartlessness in their own society that repelled them. By the same token, they ceased to support Communism once they became aware of the even stonier and infinitely more systematic heartlessness of the Soviet system.

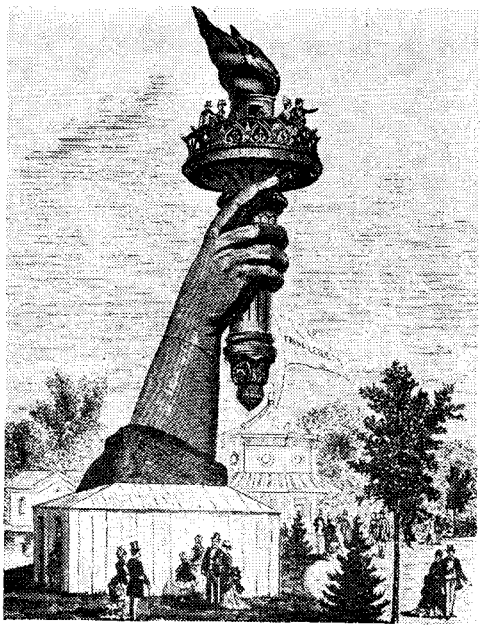
*—From "Faith and Freedom," by Barbara Ward (W. W. Norton).*

## Sir Winston Talks

*Churchill on Himself:* I am certainly not one of those who need to be prodded. In fact, if anything, I am the prod. . . . I am by no means sure I have been right. It is no part of my case that I am always right. . . . I give my opinion. I dare say it will weigh as much as a mocking giggle. . . . Personally I am always ready to learn, although I do not always like being taught. . . . I have been a journalist and half my lifetime I have



Typical nineteenth-century railroad accident which inspired Westinghouse to invent a brake.



*—From "American Science and Invention" (Simon & Schuster).*

Hand of the Statue of Liberty finished before body to become major attraction at Philadelphia Centennial of 1876.

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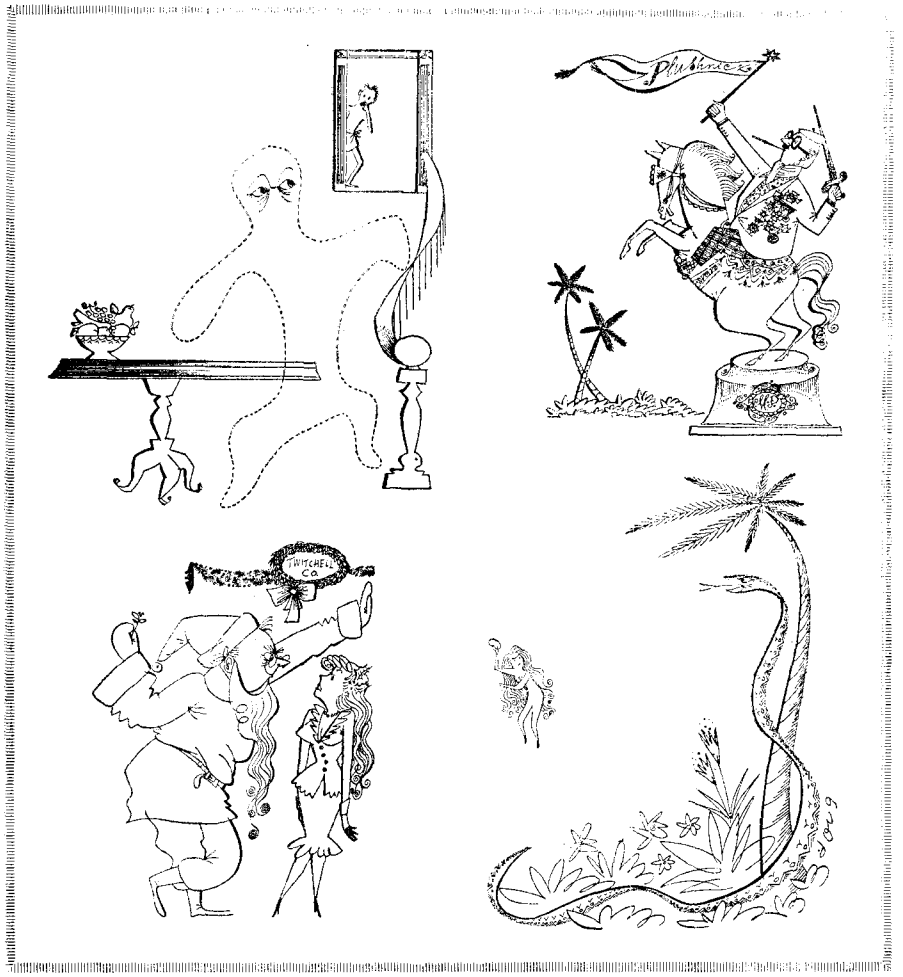

*—By Doug Anderson, for "An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor" (Hanover House).*

earned my living by selling words and I hope thoughts. . . .

*Churchill on Russia:* Russia is a land animal . . . the British are sea animals. . . .

*Churchill on Parliament and Parties:* Houses are built of bricks, mortar, and good will, not of politics, prejudices, and spite.

*Churchill on Political Mistakes:* I am sure the mistakes of that time will not be repeated; we shall probably make another set of mistakes.

*Churchill on Writing:* Writing a book was an adventure. To begin with it was a toy, an amusement; then it became a mistress, and then a master, and then a tyrant.

*Churchill on War:* Any clever person can make plans for winning a war if he has no responsibility for carrying them out.

*Churchill on Britain and the Empire:* The British people are good all through. You can test them as you would put a bucket into the sea and always find it salt. . . . They [the British] are the only people who like to be told how bad things are—who like to be told the worst. . . . I hope you don't mind my using the word [British Empire]. It is quite a good word in its proper place. . . . We have no assurance that anyone else is going to keep the British lion as a pet.

*—"Churchill Reader," edited by Colin R. Coote (Houghton Mifflin).*

## Mr. Lincoln's Speech

AFTER Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, the nearby Harrisburg paper wrote: "We pass over the silly remarks of the President; for the credit of the nation we are willing that the veil of oblivion shall be dropped over them and that they shall no more be repeated or thought of." The correspondent of the London *Times* reported that "the ceremony was rendered ludicrous by some of the sallies of that poor President Lincoln, who seems determined to play, in this great American union, the part of the famous Governor of Barataria. Anything more dull and commonplace it wouldn't be easy to produce."

*—"The Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Stefan Lorant (McGraw-Hill).*

## Maugham on Henry James

WHEN someone transplants himself from one country to another he is more likely to assimilate the defects of its inhabitants than their virtues. The England in which Henry James lived was excessively class-conscious, and I think it is to this that must be ascribed the somewhat disconcerting attitude he adopted in his fiction to those who were so unfortunate as to be of humble origin. Unless he were an artist, by choice a writer, it seemed to him more than a little ridiculous that anyone should be under the necessity of earning a living. The death of a member of the lower orders could be trusted to give him a mild chuckle. I think this attitude was emphasized by the fact that, himself of good family, he could not have dwelt long in England without becoming aware that to the English one American was very like another.

He saw compatriots on the strength of a fortune acquired in Michigan or Ohio received with as great cordiality as though they belonged to the eminent families of Boston and New York, and in self-defense somewhat exaggerated his native fastidiousness in social relations. Sometimes he made rather ludicrous mistakes and would attribute to some young man who had taken his fancy a distinction which he obviously did not possess.

If I have made Henry James, I hope not unkindly, a trifle absurd it is because that is what I found him. I think he took himself a good deal too seriously. We look askance at a man who keeps on telling you he is a gentleman; I think it would have been more becoming in Henry James if he had not insisted so often on his being an artist. It is better to leave others to say that. But he was gracious, hospitable, and, when in the mood, uncommonly amusing. He had uncommon gifts and if I think they were too often ill-directed that is only what I think and I ask no one to agree with me. The fact remains that those last novels of his, notwithstanding their unreality, make all other novels, except the very best, unreadable.

*—From "Mr. Maugham Himself," selected by John Beecroft (Doubleday).*

## The Republic of Snobs

THE Intellectual Snob is of such distinguished lineage and comes from such established precedent that he is dignified by a mention in Webster's ("one who repels the advances of those whom he regards as his inferiors; as, an intellectual snob"). The other categories are less well known and less well documented. For convenience, let us call Them the Re-

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gional Snobs, the Moral Snobs, the Sensual Snobs, the Emotional Snobs, the Physical Snobs, the Occupational Snobs, and, finally, the Reverse Snobs or Antisnob Snobs. . . . Snobbishness, as we will use the word, implies both an upward and a downward movement—a scramble upward to emulate or outdo those whose position excels one's own, and a look downward on (or sometimes straight through) those less happily endowed than one's self. The true snob never rests; there is always a higher goal to attain, and there are, by the same token, always more and more people to look down upon. The snob is almost by definition insecure in his social (in the larger sense) relationships, and he resorts to snobbishness as a means of massaging his ego. Since scarcely anyone is so secure that his ego does not sometimes need a certain amount of external manipulation, there is scarcely anyone who isn't a snob of some sort.

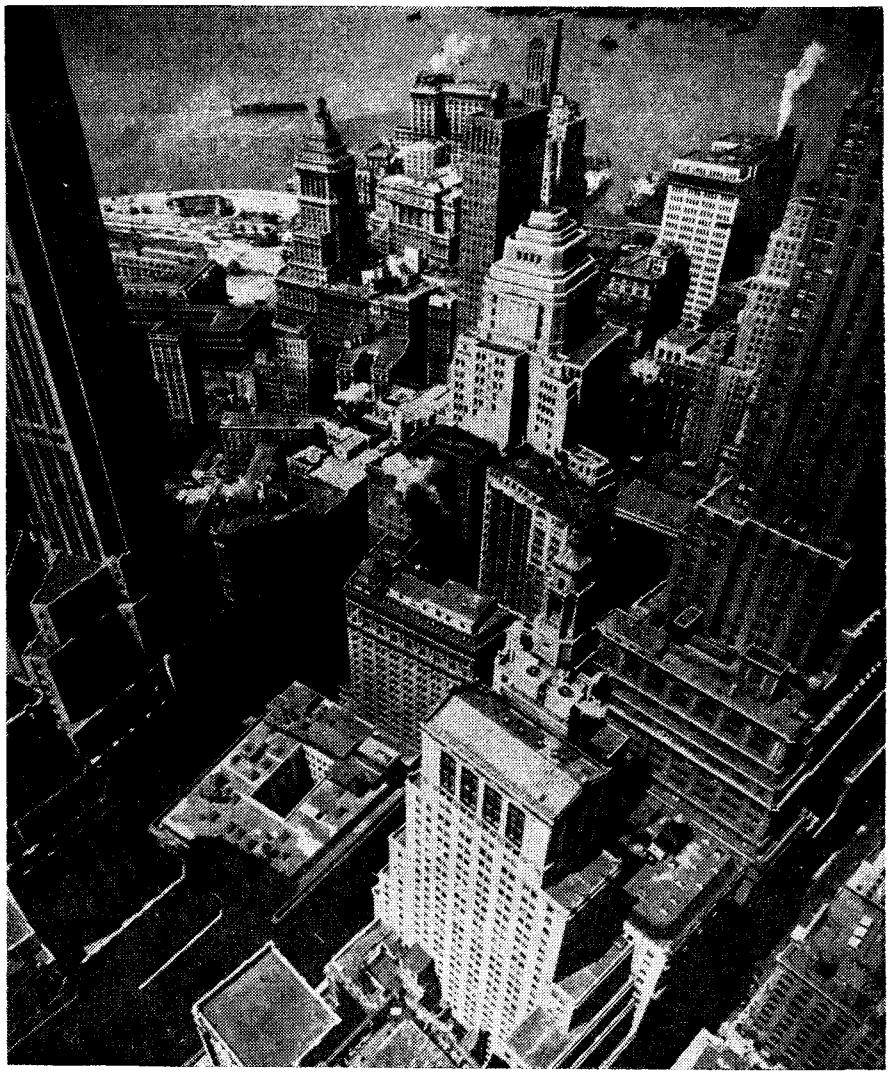
*—Russell Lynes in "An Encyclopedia of Modern American Humor," edited by Bennett Cerf (Hanover House).*

## What Can We Believe?

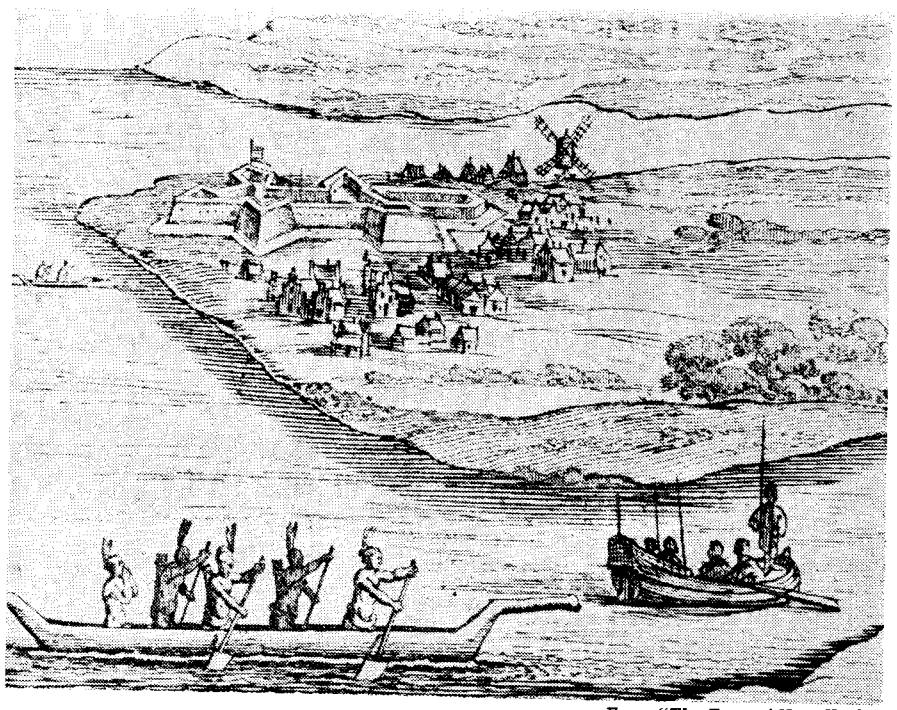
I BELIEVE there may be some things that some people may know for certain, but I also believe that that knowable things are not what matters most to any human being. A good mathematician may know the truth about numbers, and a good engineer may know how to make physical forces serve his purposes. But the engineer and the mathematician are human beings first—so for them, as well as for me, what matters most is not one's knowledge and skill, but one's relations with other people. We do not all have to be engineers or mathematicians, but we do all have to deal with other people. And these relations of ours with each other, which are the really important things in life, are also the really difficult things, because it is here that the question of right and wrong comes in.

I believe we have no certain knowledge of what is right and wrong; and, even if we had, I believe we should find it just as hard as ever to do something that we knew for certain to be right in the teeth of our personal interests and inclinations. Actually, we have to make the best judgment we can about what is right, and then we have to bet on it by trying to make ourselves act on it, without being sure about it.

*—Arnold J. Toynbee, in "This I Believe," written for and with a foreword by Edward R. Murrow (Simon & Schuster).*



Battery Park (upper left) today dwarfed by skyscrapers.



*From "The Face of New York."*

New Amsterdam. 1626-28 . . . "thirty houses and a windmill grouped around a fort."

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—E. W. Bartlett.

# Ideas for Santa's Book Bag

## *250 Selections from the Bookshelves*

IT would be heartless to mention the rapid approach of Christmas (eighteen shopping days as of today) if we did not have something helpful to suggest. As a matter of fact, we have several hundred suggestions—books so varied in subject matter and style that there should be at least one to appeal to every person on your gift list, from three to ninety-three, new enough that it isn't likely he's already read them.

All the book reviews and notes published in this issue have been selected to help you with this annual chore. Beginning on page 21 we publish a series of articles surveying some of the new books that publishers have designed expressly for Christmas giving. And on this page begins an annotated list of 250 books we reviewed in past issues and which, on the basis of our reviewer's assessments, we believe will make fine gifts. The selection of children's books was made by Frances Lander Spain and other specialists in the children's department of the New York Public Library.

A merry and bookish Christmas to you all! —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

## Americana

*ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The Prairie Years and the War Years. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $7.50.
Six separate volumes of two bulky biographies of Lincoln have now been condensed by the author into one mammoth—and successful—union.

*ADVENTURE IN FREEDOM. By Oscar Handlin. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.75.
A history of the Jews in America by the Harvard historian and author of "The Uprooted."

*AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY. By William O. Douglas. Doubleday.* $5.50.
The much-traveled Justice's day-to-day record of democratic struggle and progress.

*THE ANATOMY OF A CRIME. By Joseph F. Dinneen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.95.
An account of a crime that, in its publisher's words, bears "a startling parallel to the great $2,500,000 Brink's robbery."

*BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN. By Wallace Stegner. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.
The story of John Wesley Powell, who adventurously conquered the waters of the Grand Canyon and then scientifically studied and directed the development of the American West.

*BOHEMIAN BRIGADE. By Louis M. Starr. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
An all-embracing account of the first full-fledged war correspondents, those of the Civil War, and of their trials, tribulations, affairs with great men (including hitherto unknown quotes from Lincoln) and of their writings and their part in the shift from editorial to reportorial journalism, thereby bringing about the beginnings of modern newspaperdom.

*THE BUFFALO HUNTERS. By Mari Sandoz. Hastings House.* $4.50.
An account of the Indians and white men who hunted the American bison on the Great Plains until the 1880s.

*FREE LOVE AND HEAVENLY SINNERS. By Robert Shaplen. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.
A retelling, based largely on original sources, of one of the nineteenth-century's greatest scandals, *l'affaire* Beecher-Tilton.

*GEORGE WASHINGTON: PATRIOT AND PRESIDENT. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $7.50.
The sixth and concluding volume in a monumental biography of the Father of His Country.

*GLORY, GOD, AND GOLD: A Narrative History. By Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday & Co.* $6.
A history-bookful of the Southwest encompassing just about all there is to know in that area of conquistadores and Indians, the French and Mexicans and Texans, and of buffalo, oil, and atomic energy.

*GREAT RIVER: THE RIO GRANDE IN NORTH AMERICAN HISTORY. By Paul Horgan. Rinehart. Vol. I: 464 pp. Vol. II: 584 pp.* $10 *the set.*
An account of the most romantic river in America and the people who live beside it through two thousand years of history.

*THE JEWS IN AMERICA: A HISTORY. By Rufus Learsi. World Publishing Co.* $6.
A history of American Jewry, published to coincide with the 300th anniversary of the landing of the first Jews in North America.

*THE LIGHT OF THE DISTANT SKIES. By James Thomas Flexner. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $10.
A study of American painters and their works—West, Peale, Copley, Trumbull, Allston, Vanderlyn, Morse, and Stuart are included—which covers the years from 1760 to 1835.

*MY DIARY NORTH AND SOUTH. By William Howard Russell. Harper.* $4.
A new edition, edited by Fletcher Pratt, of the classic report by a London *Times* correspondent on the state of the disunited nation at the outbreak of the Civil War.

*THE OLD COUNTRY STORE. By Gerald Carson. Oxford University Press.* $5.
The story of America told through the vicissitudes of a peculiarly American institution.

*PROFILE OF AMERICA. By Emily Davie and Bryan Holme. Crowell.* $8.50.
A lavishly illustrated volume characterized by its publishers as "an autobiography of the USA."

*REBEL ROSE. By Ishbel Ross. Harper.* $4.
The biography of Rose O'Neal Greenhow, perhaps the most glamorous and certainly the most dangerous woman spy in the service of the American Confederacy.

*THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL. By Hermann Hagedorn. Macmillan.* $5.
A nostalgic re-creation of the life of Teddy and his clan at Oyster Bay in the more innocent decades of this century.

*THE STATE OF ALASKA. By Ernest Gruening. Random House.* $7.50.
A careful history, as well as study, of its present place in the national cosmos, by the governor of Alaska.

*STORMY BEN BUTLER. By Robert S. Holzman. Macmillan.* $5.
The first modern biography of a politician-general who was one of the gustiest petrels of the Civil War and the years that followed.

*SUSAN B. ANTHONY: HER PERSONAL HISTORY. By Katherine Anthony. Doubleday.* $6.
A new biography of the leader of the nineteenth-century American woman's-rights movement.

*THE TASTEMAKERS. By Russell Lynes. Harper & Bros.* $5.
Mr. Lynes, who seems to have found his special niche in current American literature here traces the impact of the professional tastemakers on the American scene, from the landscaping ambitions of A. J. Downing in the 1830s (smiling lawns and tasteful cottages) to Elsie de Wolfe (the "beauty of suitability") to the antiques craze and others.

*THEY CALLED HIM STONEWALL. By Burke Davis. Rinehart.* $5.
A biography of Thomas J. Jackson, the South's favorite general.

## Fiction

*THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1954. Edited by Martha Foley. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $4.
The latest addition to a series that each year brings together between book covers outstanding recent magazine fiction.

*THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE. By Evan Hunter. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
The story of an idealistic young man named Richard Dadier and his disillusioning first year of teaching at a New York City vocational high school.

*A FABLE. By William Faulkner. Random House.* $4.75.
A religious allegory based on the events of the false French armistice toward the close of World War I.

*THE FALL OF A TITAN. By Igor Gouzenko. Translated by Mervyn Black. W. W. Norton & Co.* $4.50.
The fall of a Russian heavyweight writer, one Mikhail Gorin, and of one Novikov, a Russian scholar who is in love with Gorin's daughter. The author is the secluded gentleman who had much to do with breaking up a Soviet spy ring in Canada a few years back.

*FIRST PRIZE STORIES FROM THE O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARDS: 1919-1954. Hanover House.* $3.95.
A reprinting of those stories first collected in the annual O. Henry short-story collections from 1919 to the present which, in their respective years, won first prizes. Included is work by Faulkner, Welty, Rawlings, Kay Boyle, W. D. Steele, Stephen Vincent Benét, Julian Street, Roark Bradford, and Irvin Cobb.

*THE GO-BETWEEN. By L. P. Hartley. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A boy's first glimpse into the fascinating and somewhat dreadful world of the adult.

*HADRIAN'S MEMOIRS. By Marguerite Yourcenar. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $4.
A fictional treatment of the Roman Emperor

(*Continued on page* 47)

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ESPECIALLY FOR CHRISTMAS

# A Century of Youth

***"Youth's Companion," edited by Lovell Thompson*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 1140 pp. $6), is an anthology of some of the good things that appeared in the famous magazine for young people during its more than a century of life.*

By John T. Winterich

MY FIRST pair of skates was a reward—reward nothing, it was payment—for getting two (or was it five?) subscriptions to *The Youth's Companion*. From the running commentary in Lovell Thompson's admirable anthology, I learn that I might have chosen singing canaries or laying hens. These avian honoraria were offered either before my time or after it, and if I had the thing to do over again (and I wish I did) I would still take the skates.

And I would still take *The Youth's Companion*. Mr. Thompson, son of the magazine's 1911-1925 editor, in a prefatory note to this collection recalls that when the magazine was launched in 1827 it was called *Youth's Companion*, and he properly laments the intrusion of the definite article. With or without the article, but mostly with, the *Companion* survived until 1929, when it was absorbed into *American Boy* (or was it *THE American Boy*?).

In its earliest phase the *Companion* was as monitory and didactic as the times demanded. A scissoring editor could, and did, clip an account of an incident in which "a lad about eight years old, with a cigar in his mouth, was strutting along by the side of his father and another gentleman." We are not told what became of this precocious character; he may have got himself elected governor, but that, obviously, was not the way the *Companion* was betting.

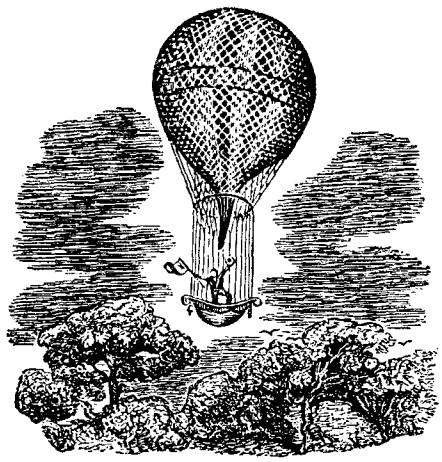
This period of palpable "improvement" did not last overlong. The *Companion* stopped shaking its forefinger and settled down to the purveyance of sound entertainment. At its long best it was literary without being fancy, meaty without being encyclopedic, wholesome without being namby-pamby, and it never, never wrote down to its clientele.

IT WAS a magazine authors liked to be in. And it had them all, from Washington Irving to Robert Frost, from William Cullen Bryant to Robinson Jeffers. It had the Holmeses, father and son (and in the present collection the editors are hard put to it, in one instance, to tell which Holmes was which). It had Rudyard Kipling, Winston Churchill, O. Henry, Willa Cather, Emily Dickinson, Edith Wharton, William Dean Howells, Don Marquis, and virtually anyone else you care to name. It was particularly rich in the competent and dependable second-stringers—the men and women who don't get into the histories of American literature but whose work the reader (this reader, at any rate) used to look forward to as he did to a Sunday-school picnic.

The *Companion* had a nose for news. William James happened to be lecturing at Stanford University (it was then Leland Stanford Junior University) when the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 let go; he did a fine piece of reporting "On Some Mental Effects of the Earthquake" based on impromptu field-work among the ruins.

It couldn't call all its shots, of course. Of the original Federal Income Tax Laws of 1913 it observed: "It is not likely that they will work a hardship to persons who receive moderate salaries." (And for quite a while they didn't.) When the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his consort were assassinated at Sarajevo in 1914 the *Companion* failed to detect the imminence of Armageddon: "The murder has caused much apprehension throughout Austria, where Servian plots to detach Bosnia and Herzegovina from Austria are feared." But in a 1923 surmise about who would succeed "Lenine" when he required succeeding (which was in 1924), the *Companion* put forward the names of Bucharin, Stalin, and Zinoviev; of Stalin it remarked: "Stalin is a Georgian by birth, a mysterious figure, but said to be of superior ability. His work has been in helping to establish national units within the old Russian territory and in federating them with Moscow."

Four names appear on the title-page of this pleasant and bulky anthology. Besides Mr. Thompson, there are M. A. DeWolfe Howe, Arthur Stanwood Pier, and Harford Powel, who, among them, served the *Companion* in various editorial capacities during a period extending from 1888 through 1929. The text is arranged in reverse chronology—1927 through 1827. At first blush this looks like putting the best apples at the top of the barrel, and in a sense it is. But an orthodox chronology would have bogged the reader down at the outset in the *Companion*'s tractual phase and given the whole collection an antiquarian flavor that would belie alike its importance and its superb readability. Anyway, magazines aren't much good until they get shaken down, and the *Companion* had to undergo that experience as all periodicals must. When it found itself it was for good. And if "for good" turned out to be a mere century, that was not the *Companion*'s fault. There is something cockeyed about a civilization that couldn't keep *The Youth's Companion* alive. Haven't events since 1929 proved that?



—*Illustrations from "Youth's Companion."*

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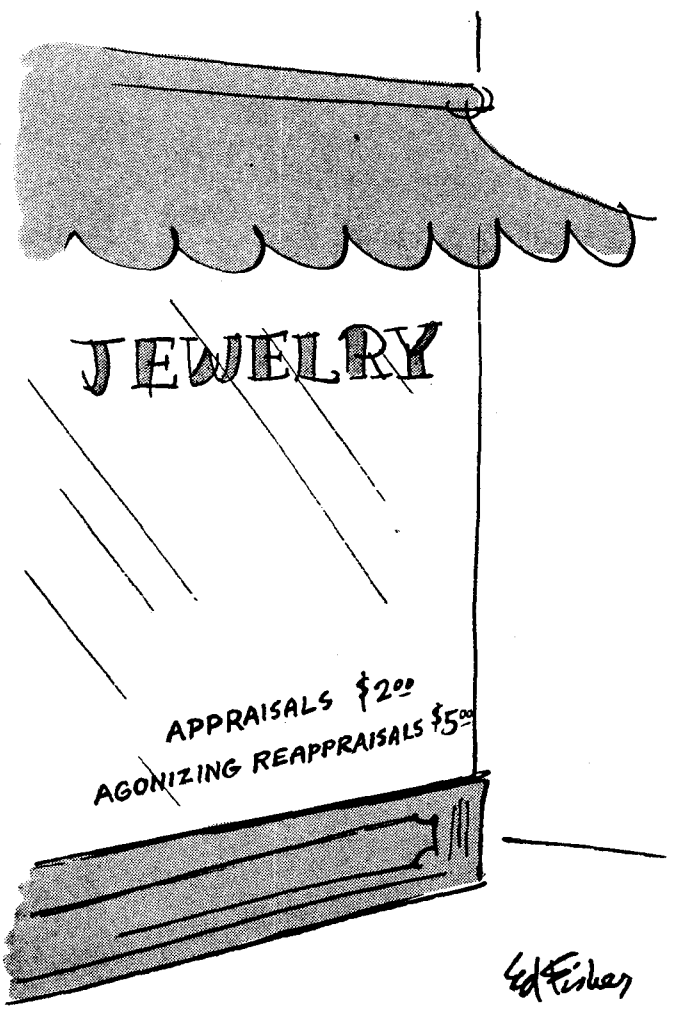
## GIFT BOOK MISCELLANY

THIS is the time of year when the cheese people tie ribbons around their mail-order gruyere, the orange marmalade people nest their jelly bottles in green tissue paper, a man can't go to the jug store for his weekly ration without receiving a handsome gift decanter at no extra cost, and, I understand, one of the bakery companies is contemplating a Christmas wrapping for its loaves with the legend "Bread, For the Man Who Has Nothing."

The packagers of the publishing world also traditionally greet the season by putting out big books which go well with big ribbons, and this year, for some unaccountable reason, a good many of these offerings can be lumped together under the label of "Americana," so we might as well plunge right in.

By far the classiest—and the heftiest—tome among these is a big pictorial history called **"American Science and Invention,"** by Mitchell Wilson (Simon & Schuster, $10), a book which begins with the issuance of a patent on March 6, 1646 to Joseph Jenkes of Boston for the "manifactures of engins of mils to go by water for speedy dispatch of much worke with few hands" and which somehow, with many skirtings (all of them interesting), works its way through Benjamin Franklin (sixteen magazine-size pages) and Joseph Priestley to Samuel F. B. Morse and Alexander Graham Bell to George Eastman and to uranium nuclear fission, all with excellent pictures and good-enough text to make things clear. There is a disheartening section headed, "The Last Individualists," among whom the author includes the Wright brothers, but this is probably truthful enough history, and, unless you are an expert on such matters, you will probably find a lot of individualists of whom you have never heard, including Walter Hunt, who, among other things, invented the paper collar and the safety pin. As a sort of little brother to this book, E. P. Dutton has put out a little pictorial collection of the history of the American automobile called **"The American Automobile,"** by William H. McGaughey ($6), which contains a lot of pictures of a lot of cars (and their place in history) which just might interest you, though it is nowhere near as thorough as "American Science and Invention."

In fact, the pictorial histories about one phase or another of America seem to outnumber any other category. There is a beautifully colored pictorial collection of the uniforms of **"Soldiers of the American Army: 1775-1954,"** by Fritz Kredel and Frederick P. Todd (Henry Regnery, $12.50), which makes the military about as attractive at Christmas time in Christmas colors as they could ever possibly look and contains a good deal of information about the outfits that wore these uniforms as well as about the uniforms themselves. There is also a **"Pictorial History of the Wild West,"** by James D. Horan and Paul Sann (Crown, $5.95), a symposium of some well- and lesser-known bandits, rustlers, desperadoes, and outlaws of the Old West, including photographs of them in their heydays and in their coffins. As for the Old East, Andreas Feininger, the photographer, has collected and, with the help of Susan E. Lyman, matched with his own photographs some old prints and photographs of New York as it once was for his book **"The Face of New York"** (Crown, $5). Unhappily, the pictures are not generally up to the Feininger standard, failing to match oftentimes as well as they should and often, when they least should, allowing present-day New Yorkers to mug right into the camera when they should be trying to be part of the street scene. And Richard and Dorothy Pratt, having already sold 250,000 copies of their earlier "A Treasury of Early American Homes," have matched it with a **"The Second Treasury of Early American Homes"** (Hawthorn Books, $12.50), in which, if you have any ancestors at all, you may be able to find one of their homes illustrated in some extremely handsome color pictures, or, if you have none, the kind of home you would have liked your ancestors to live in.




THE patriotic theme is also apparent in the non-picture offerings. The Oxford University Press has come up with **"The Story of the Declaration of Independence,"** by Dumas Malone, Hirst Milhollen, and Milton Kaplan ($10), which tells a good deal about the events leading up to the signing of the document and a good deal more about the personalities of the men who finally signed it, but does not seem to reveal anything startlingly new. There are a large number of pictures to help along the readers of the Declaration but there are neither photographs nor musical scores to help along the readers of **"A Treasury of American Ballads: Gay, Naughty and Classic,"** edited by Charles O'Brien Kennedy (McBride, $4.75). Music, however, may be totally unnecessary, considering the popularity of the offerings—"The Peanut Song," "Oh, Susanna," "The Man on the Flying Trapeze"—and those which are not so well known seem to do perfectly well without music:

> The wedding bells were ringing on a moonlight winter's night,
> And the church was decorated, all within was gay and bright.
> A mother with her baby came and saw the lights aglow . . .

Burl Ives, who in the past has relied pretty much on music too, has this year come up with an unmusical **"Tales of America"** (World Publishing Co., $3.95), a random collection of living

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legends told and retold about Pocahontas and Bigfoot Wallace and Paul Bunyan and which are only a little the worse for the Ives method of retelling. And the publishers have also come up with an **"Almanac for Americans,"** by Willis Thornton (Greenberg, $5), a book which has neatly found a national historical event for every day of the year, no matter how far back or into the woods they had to go—all listed like a calendar.

The package purveyors have also tapped two bottomless veins of American lore: the life of Abraham Lincoln and *The Saturday Evening Post*, both of them bearing the obvious stamps of their sources. **"The Saturday Evening Post Treasury"** (Simon & Schuster, $7.50), selected by Roger Butterfield and the editors of you-know-what magazine, has managed, in addition to looking more expensive than it is and in addition to including Tugboat Annie and Mr. Tutt, to offer stories by Stephen Crane, William Faulkner, and F. Scott Fitzgerald, but its color plates of its past covers and its past advertising, though amusing, are not reproduced as well as they might be—though this again may be the fault of the price. **"The Life of Abraham Lincoln,"** by Stefan Lorant (McGraw-Hill, $3.50), probably offers nothing new, but it is at least a nice short biography with a good many pictures which would certainly appeal to a boy and for which the publishers say there has been a need.

Christmas is a season of home and music and inspiration also, and the publishers have not forgot it. Lest the Christmas tree, when it is taken down, leave a void, they have provided a team of books which should fill up any hole in the room, either expensively or inexpensively. Wallace Nutting's **"Furniture Treasury"** (Macmillan, $10.95), which is "two volumes in one, unabridged, with 5,000 illustrations," is a thoroughgoing volume with pictures of every kind of antique—almost all museum pieces—from chests with acanthus, lunette, and imbricated fish-scale motives to a Boston clock featuring a landscape with cattle, sheep, dog, man, and woman, all of these admirably illustrated and described and making things a lot easier than tramping around the museums. **"The Ladies' Home Journal Book of Interior Decoration,"** by Elizabeth T. Halsey (Doubleday, $6.95), has a penchant for Victorian and Modern furniture, which Mr. Nutting's book does not, but it also tells you what to do with them in your room, which Mr. Nutting's book also does not.

THE inspiration books run into two categories: those which are collections of thoughts or credos and those which try to inspire some credos by furnishing you with little reminders that there are still some things left in which one might want to believe. Into the first category falls Edward R. Murrow's **"This I Believe"** (Simon & Schuster; clothbound, $3; paperbound, $1), a new and hitherto unpublished collection of his radio programs of that name, and including some testimonials from Dag Hammarskjold and Oscar Hammerstein II, among others, as well as Mary Martin's "Laugh, Love and Lift," and Frances P. Bolton's "My Revolt Was Violent." There is also Fulton Oursler's **"Lights Along the Shore"** (Hanover House, $2.95), a posthumous collection of the man who rewrote some of the greatest stories ever told and who this time tells of some touching stories of a timid man who found the courage to conquer his fears, of a man who overcame loneliness when he sold a turquoise necklace to a little girl who had only eleven cents, and of other small adventures which tug at the heartstrings, especially at Christmas time. Into the second category of inspirational books—a weakly delineated category into which Mr. Oursler's book might be brought just as soon as not, probably, except for purposes of cataloguing and except for certain historic schisms which we try to forget at Christmas time—falls **"The Protestant Year 1955"** (Hawthorn Books, $2.95), which was prepared by the editors of *The Christian Herald* and which lists every day of the coming year, two to a page, with an appropriate Bible verse accompanying the date and enough white space to fill in several of one's own thoughts too.

The music books are all big and useful looking. There is **"The Mozart Handbook,"** edited by Louis Biancolli (World Publishing Co., $7.50), which would take a fairly big hand to lug around to the opera but which, if perused at home, should furnish many pleasant and educational hours for the opera and concert lovers, for it includes not only most of Mozart's life and loves, but is also strong on history and interpretation of his music right down to the frailest sonata. Of similar value should be **"Masterworks of the Orchestral Repertoire,"** by Donald N. Ferguson (University of Minnesota Press, $7.50), a guide for listeners who want to understand what they hear and edited by the man who has for the past twenty-five years supplied the program notes for the subscription concerts of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and has now enlarged upon them. The photographs which Paul Himmel has taken of the New York City Ballet in action have been put together into a book, **"Ballet in Action,"** (Putnam, $10), and very handsome photographs they are, each of eight ballets being amply illustrated at its critical moments and each set of pictures accompanied by enough text by Walter Terry to tell you what you might want to look for in each number. To add to this collection, Daniel Blum has put together **"A Pictorial Treasury of Opera in America"** (Greenberg, $10), in which are assembled a plethora of opera singers past and present, all shown in their famous roles, and some, like Geraldine Farrar, shown in at least a dozen roles. The text which accompanies these pictures, however, says nothing about the singers but is simply a dull rehash of the operatic plots, and the layout of the pictures themselves shows no genius in that art at all.

For the sports fans Henry Holt has brought out what seems like a truly impressive book: **"Sports Cars in Action,"** by John R. Bond ($10), a volume which gives the low-down on every single one of thirty-six different cars, including exact and detailed specifications which enable the enthusiast to evaluate accurately the car and compare it with other cars in its class, including also charts which detail per-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Saturday Review

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# The Mighty Oak—at Eighty

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL at eighty—with the vast energy and vitality only slightly dimmed, with the mortal frame still sturdily resisting all the punishment he has inflicted upon it—has long exhausted the superlatives, as he has turned the barbs, of all lesser masters of English prose. Of few living men can it be said with such certainty that his name will stand among the greatest of our times; and of few is there so little left to add. He has made himself into a monument within his own lifetime.

A monument is a symbol; and, unless it is a very bad monument indeed, the passions of hope or agony which it symbolizes are always far more important than the details of the execution. The Churchill monument has been superbly executed, with firmness of line and brilliance of imagination, with wit, proportion, and style. Its sincerity is beyond question and both the physical and moral courage which went into its creation are very great. But its symbolic value for an age of frightful upheavals and holocausts, desperate uncertainties and panic thoughts, overcomes every lesser consideration.

Churchill was born in 1874—in the morrow of the Franco-Prussian War, two years before the election in this country which finally brought the Civil War to liquidation. As a polo-playing cavalry subaltern, a Kipling-esque war correspondent, an *aficionado* of "little wars," he was formed in that queer period of substantial peace and unbounded confidence which reigned in Europe for the forty years before 1914, and of which he is now the last significant survivor. He went into politics, as he had gone into battle and into journalism, with the sober insouciance, the lighthearted seriousness, so characteristic of the age. As First Lord of the Admiralty in 1914 there was a lot of Teddy Roosevelt in him; and one might have predicted for his martial ambitions (as, indeed, many did) the fate which would have overtaken Theodore's combat division had Mr. Wilson ever allowed it to be organized. But there was a difference.

Churchill was much younger than Theodore, or such other period pieces as the Kaiser or Asquith or Joffre or Sir John French; he had retained the capacity to learn, and he was far more intelligent than most of the other products of his times. His military inspirations, especially the Dardanelles campaign, were sound; and, though he was damned for other men's failures in carrying them out, he emerged with a thorough understanding of modern war, of a kind which the Ludendorffs and Foches, to say nothing of the T.R.s, never acquired. The interwar period found no use for this specialized talent, and circumstance compelled his retirement into the arts of bricklaying, painting, the writing of great history, and the issuance of ominous prophecy. A contemporary estimate notes (as how many have not done since?) his "enormous vigor, industry, imagination, and patriotism," but deplores his "insufficient judgment and discretion."

Yet it was essentially the same judgment which was to prove, after May 1940, a priceless asset to the free world. From that day onward Churchill has consistently demonstrated his mastery of two aspects of modern statesmanship: high strategy in its broadest sense, and top-level administration of a war effort. His history of the Second World War is a textbook in the skilful management of men and peoples to produce desired military results, and in the skilful management of military force to achieve practicable and sensible political ends. No doubt he made mistakes in both departments. Anzio is a prime example of strategic muddle; it is possible that Yalta (if the Churchill contribution is ever clearly analyzed) may stand as an instance of political miscalculation. These things do not greatly matter. Churchill understood modern war; in both respects he probably understood it better than Franklin Roosevelt, who took pride in his own competence in these fields.

Yet Franklin Roosevelt's name is associated with many more positive achievements in social development than is Churchill's. War itself is essentially negative, and those creative advances which Churchill has tried to erect upon its imperatives—such as European union—have not notably prospered. Churchill is the greatest and shrewdest master of the military factor in our world society; and that we needed, and still desperately need, men of his understanding goes without saying.

CHURCHILL is a massive symbol of defiance and defense; his best rhetorical passages are defiant, his subtlest strategic concepts (like the attack through the "soft underbelly" of Europe) were essentially defensive. This was the deepest source of his differences with the brash Americans. Churchill wanted to conserve what could be conserved of a world in dissolution; the Americans wanted to get on with it, regardless of later consequences. It would be hard at the moment to say which view was the wiser; Churchill (who did not become "the first minister of the Crown in order to preside over the dissolution of the British Empire") tried at times to conserve what could not be sustained; the Americans in 1945 were too willing to throw over what should have been conserved. Hindsight may dispute them both. But hindsight can never detract from Churchill's contribution to our era.

At the age of eighty he is still the mighty oak—hard-grained, immobile, rooted deeply in the regenerative detritus of the past, yet sensitive through each of a myriad of leaves to every change of season and every wind that blows. Oaks have their limitations. But one may still apply to Sir Winston Housman's lines upon his mercenaries:

> Their shoulders held the sky suspended;
> They stood, and earth's foundations stay.

—WALTER MILLIS.

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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### SR BOOSTING SPILLANE?

WAS CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE trying to give Mickey Spillane a boost ["Mickey Spillane and His Bloody Hammer," *SR* Nov. 6]? Or is your magazine lowering its standards in hope of selling more copies? La Farge passed up a wonderful chance to explain Spillane's popularity, but he was afraid of offending Spillane's publishers. It's too bad that the almighty dollar has so much control over the pen.

It looks like *The Saturday Review* is lowering its standards and spreading itself too thin. I wish that you would stick to good books and to good music and let politics alone.

JESSIE M. POLLOCK.

Milwaukee, Wis.

### FINE EXAMPLE

ORCHIDS to you and to Christopher La Farge for the cogent and unfortunately accurate review of the works (*sic*) of Mickey Spillane. Perspicacious writing which relates literature to the attitudes of a civilization is always a joy to read, and La Farge's effort was a fine example of this sort of writing. Doubtless you will receive letters accusing Mr. La Farge of being "bitter," "short-sighted," "overly-alarmed," and "prudish," but these will prove his point.

T. E. BLACKBURN.

Milwaukee, Wis.

### SUPPLY FOR DEMAND

I READ Christopher La Farge's interesting evaluation of current crime fiction under the title "Mickey Spillane and his Bloody Hammer." La Farge is not alone in deploring the mediocrity and banality of the literary fare for public consumption.

He blames the publishers (Dutton and New American Library) in the case of the Spillane thrillers. With this attitude I heartily disagree. It is too easy and obvious to blame the publishers; just as we glibly blame Hollywood for the mediocrity of the movie fare. Could Spillane's publishers sell his books if there were no demand and no customers? The sale of the Spillane novels is not an indication of the level of publishers' taste, but rather a tragic indication of the reading tastes and intellectual level of Mr. Average American. Here is the customer who consumes the millions of Mickey Spillanes with the same lack of discrimination he uses in purchasing movie tickets and popular record songs.

Suppose the publishers withdraw the Spillane books and cease publication. Will the demand for such trash cease? There are a dozen other firms which will gladly dish up similiar palaver.

How are you going to get millions of Americans to want something better than Mickey Spillane as their reading fare? By ceasing to print them? What happened when we stopped selling liquor over the counter? Is there no pornographic literature sold because respectable publishing houses will have nothing to do with it? This is a problem I should like to have the editors discuss in *The Saturday Review*.

DAVID ANTMAN.

Bronx, N. Y.

### A SHORT DAY

WE ARE GRATEFUL to Christopher La Farge for his frank, tough handling of the Spillane menace. Even more grateful because he has shown wisdom, restraint, and insight in refusing to recommend censorship of this unfortunate literary excrescence.

Let us try to answer "a larger and more difficult question" posed by La Farge, namely concerning the responsibility of Spillane's publishers. We agree that the books, once published, should not be banned. We agree that the books are unbelievably bad and that they might be harmful but we cannot prove the latter and if we could that would not justify censorship. It follows, I think, that books that should not be banned will almost inevitably be published. And it follows, further, that therefore all sorts of books will be produced, distributed, and read. In the process, writers will reveal themselves as literary hoodlums, publishers will show up as unscrupulous exploiters of vulgarity for the sake of profit, and the public will once more prove to the cynical that it is as capable of bad literary taste as it is of bad political judgment.

But we may still rejoice, for whenever a Spillane is "discovered" a La Farge comes forth to protest and a *Saturday Review* to banner the protest. Bad books enjoy a short day in history and there is evidence that Spillane's day is coming to its cloudy end.

*SR*, however, will go on, better books will continue to be published, and slowly but surely public taste will be educated. Faulkner is on the list of *SR*'s LIBRARY POLL together with Morton Thompson, John Steinbeck, Elmer Davis, and Adlai Stevenson. I am sure Christopher La Farge does not despair. Neither do I.

PETER W. DENZER.

New York, N. Y.

### QUALITY OF PAPER

IN YOUR VARIOUS ARTICLES and comments on the paperback situation featured in *The Saturday Review* recently, I haven't noticed anyone dealing with what seems to me a very relevant question for the purchaser: the quality of paper used in these books.

I have a copy of Ruth Benedict's "Patterns of Culture" printed in 1947 by Penguin Books, which has had no particularly hard use, but the pages of which are now thoroughly yellowed. Readability is distinctly impaired. I paid only 35¢ for this volume; but now, faced with Anchor and Vintage books priced at one dollar and more, I am more concerned with the question of durability. Are even Henri Bergson and Alexis de Tocqueville intended to be "throwaways" after five or ten years?

FRANKLIN SHERMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

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**THE AUTHOR:** Wallace Stevens, a tall, heavy-set, crew-cut New Englander of seventy-five, who has packed enough into his life for two Wallace Stevenses, has been plagued for the last forty years or so with variations on the question: "How can a man be an insurance executive and a first-rate poet at the same time?" His replies have been consistently admirable. "I've always skipped answering that," he told a *New York Times* interviewer the other day. "I prefer to think I'm just a man, not a poet part time, businessman the rest." Back in March 1950, when he won the Bollingen Prize in Poetry awarded by Yale, he told a *Herald Tribune* reporter: "It gives a man character as a poet to have daily contact with a job. If I lived an academic life in a college I don't believe I'd have half the reason for writing. This has been a life of my own choice." Stevens, who was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, broke into insurance and poetry around World War I. He had turned in a handful of poetry to the *Harvard Advocate* while he was still an undergraduate, but he didn't catch on until Harriet Monroe published four of his poems in the 1914 wartime number of *Poetry*. He was practising law at that time in New York City. A couple of years later he joined the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, and demonstrated that a good poet could make a good insurance man. By 1934 he was vice-president of the firm, a job he still occupies. He has written more insurance than poetry over the years, but he has nevertheless succeeded in producing more than half a dozen books. His "The Auroras of Autumn" won the National Book Award in Poetry in 1951. Stevens says he has written his best poems on his feet, strolling about, jotting down his ideas on scraps of paper stored in his pockets. His secretary then runs them through her typewriter, storing them away against the day her boss feels like running them through his typewriter. "Poetry," he says, "is my way of making the world palatable. It's the way of making one's experience, almost wholly inexplicable, acceptable." —BERNARD KALB.

**VERSE**

# Actuary Among the Spondees

***"The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens"*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 534 pp. $7.50), brings between the covers of one volume most of the work of a distinguished American poet who is celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

IN ONE of his lesser-quoted early poems, "Valley Candle," Wallace Stevens wrote almost wistfully, in what must certainly have been a rare mood,

> My candle burned alone in an immense valley.
> Beams of the huge night converged upon it . . .

Perhaps, in the isolation of the author of a first book sure to be neglected (and "Harmonium" was neglected; its first edition remaindered, its second delayed for eight years), Stevens was justified then in his trope. But today—with the issuance of a truly monumental "Collected Poems" limited not by lack of reader interest but by publisher's fiat to "twenty-five hundred numbered copies"—a different image seems requisite. Something, perhaps, like this:

> The sound of words: the sound of Wallace Stevens
> taking soundings: the sound of words that sire
> the things they name, and in that sound the voice
> of the imagination: as if, upon a cliff
> in the prime wilderness, a figure stood
>
> —And, let us say, this chief of the primordial
> threw arrowed vocables at the tumbled trees
> of the valley wood, till all the lurking silences
> arrowed back, yes, arrowed out their echoes
> —This sachem of the imagination, this Stevens . . .

—but let us get back to prose and, especially on this occasion, leave poetry to one of the few, and true masters of the age!

The key to Wallace Stevens—what makes him, and his work, different—may be found in a now-famous letter he wrote to his friend Dr. Williams way back in 1917. (One may be forgiven for going back into the past on this reminiscent occasion.) Stevens set down in black and white what was to be his special line:

> My idea is that in order to carry a thing to the extreme necessity to convey it one has to stick to it; . . . Given a fixed point of view, realistic, imagistic or what you will, everything adjusts itself to that point of view; and the process of adjustment is a world in flux, as it should be for a poet. But to fidget with points of view, realistic, imagistic, or ginnings and incessant new beginnings lead to sterility.

The world in flux, but the poet with "a fixed point of view" . . . is it the Pennsylvania Dutchman in him? At any rate, it is one of his singular triumphs that he has been able consistently from the very first to produce "infinite incantations" on very nearly a single theme. It places him in the select company of single-minded folk like Robert Frost (who, despite the many differences, shares this with Stevens: both are New Englanders by adoption)—Frost, with his "They would not find me changed from him they knew—/Only more sure of all I thought was true."

What Stevens knows today is what he knew yesterday: he has not added to his knowledge, which he had to start with; but he has added to his, and our, ways of knowledge ("poetry is a way of knowing") by developing in himself (and yet he had so much of this, too, right from the start!) the kind of virtuoso skill that the musician develops through years of playing variations—and developing in some of us at least, some degree of the virtuoso skill one must acquire in order to respond adequately to the music. Indeed, since he has had few expounders till recently (praise be!), and few articulate advocates, it would seem clear that the lion's share of the credit for developing his audience must go to Stevens himself—and not because he has beaten any

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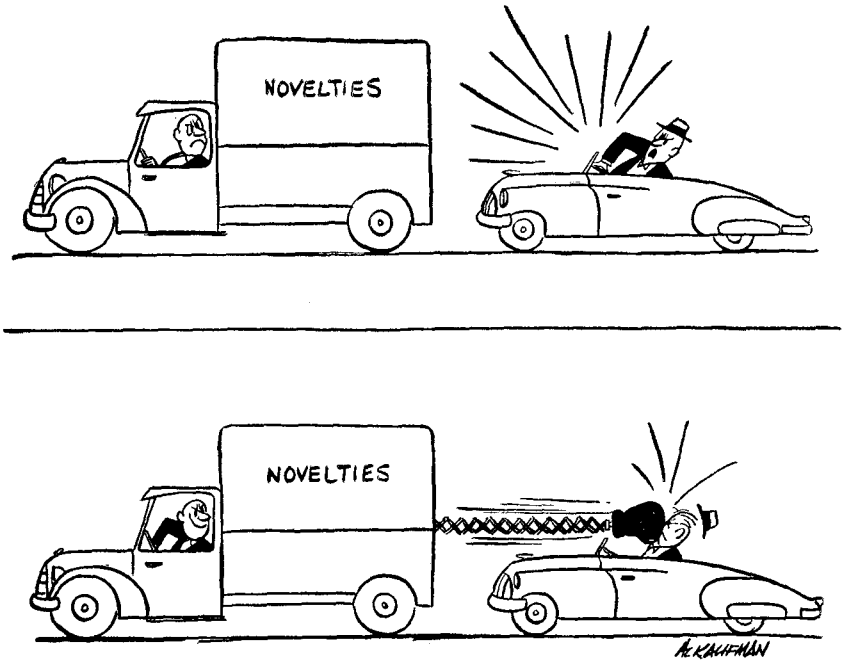


drums for himself, either, because he is (though an insurance man in *public* life) a shy, almost retiring personality. No; it is the cumulative impact of the successive volumes of poetry that now loom so large in this happily large collection: the poems in these books have done it themselves—in his own phrase, "by mere example opulently clear."

In that fine essay with the wonderful title (most of Stevens's titles are wonderful), "The Noble Rider and the Sound of Words," the poet-essayist wrote of what he conceived the poet's function to be, the poet's duty or service to his readers (for though coteries have done somewhat to isolate him for their own, it is clear Stevens has not been writing all these years for the coteries). It "is to make his imagination theirs and . . . he fulfils himself only as he sees his imagination become the light in the minds of others."

WELL, the publication of these "Collected Poems" on or about his seventy-fifth birthday is surely a convincing sign that this poet, unlike some famous neglected artists and poets of the past, has lived to see "his imagination become the light in the minds of others." Here today, and certainly not gone tomorrow, are nearly all the poems we have come to know in the separate volumes. Omitted only are less than a handful of short poems (one from the first edition of "Harmonium," two from "Parts of a World") and, perhaps not too surprisingly considering Stevens's aversion to the topical, the socio-political "Owl's Clover"—which last, however, at least one of his critics has called "his finest long poem and undoubtedly one of the best long poems in English published during the first half of the twentieth century"! Characteristically, there is no explanation for the omissions; Stevens is one of the few major poets who has never bothered to discuss his own poems at any length. At occasional public readings, for example, he simply reads from his poetry and lets it go at that—which, of course, is as it should be. After all, poetry "*as is* poetry" not only means what it says: it means what it *is*, it exists only by and through the words it uses; to use other words about it would be to get away from it.

The "fixed point of view" . . . There sits Stevens, solid, seemingly immovable, before the moment should come to start his reading—like Shakespeare ("Others abide our question. Thou art free./We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still . . ."), or like the jar in his own "Anecdote of the Jar," the jar he "placed . . . in Tennessee":

> And round it was, upon a hill.
> It made the slovenly wilderness
> Surround that hill.
>
> The wilderness rose up to it,
> And sprawled around, no longer
> wild.
> The jar was round upon the
> ground
> And tall and of a port in air.
>
> It took dominion everywhere . . .

I am not suggesting a physical resemblance, between Mr. Stevens and the jar, although there is that too, perhaps! But the jar is certainly a symbol of a fixed point of view from which "Ideas of Order" (to borrow a Stevens title) radiate, to assemble disorderly "Parts of a World" (another title) into a new and eminently more satisfactory pattern than "the world in flux."

This, of course, is Wallace Stevens's highest claim to our gratitude: that he renews in us over and over again, in seemingly endless and effortless variety, the conviction that, in spite of everything, there are "sanctions" for our existence. And, both explicitly and by rich exemplification, that poetry—this poetry especially—is one of the chief sanctions. This is so because the source of poetry, the imagination, has the power not to soar beyond the sight of actuality, but so to interact with actuality (which, very possibly, has no real existence until the interaction takes place—"My hands, such sharp *imagined* things") so to interact, that a unique transformation takes place . . .

> The way the earliest single light
> in the evening sky, in spring,
> Creates a fresh universe out of
> nothingness by adding itself,
> The way a look or a touch reveals
> its unexpected magnitudes.

IT IS the remarkable virtue of these poems that they reveal, at almost any page suddenly opened to, some apposite—and, at the same time, luminous—expression of their central theme.

The lines just quoted occur in the last section of the "Collected Poems": this is a whole new group of poems, twenty-five in number, under the collective title of "The Rock" (another fixed point?). These in themselves would alone have justified a new publication; in the context, they represent something like a Special Dividend, as the book clubs would put it, for those readers who are certain to buy this volume, though it costs nearly as much as a ticket to the theatre, because they wish to see Stevens steadily and to see him whole: and, by looking through the special Stevens monocle, to see the world, however fragmentated it "really" is, as whole too.

It is curious, by the way—and oddly fitting, considering the quotation with which this review began—that one of the poems in this last and latest section brings back the image of the candle. And in view of the span of years encompassed—who would be so brash as to say that Stevens at seventy-five shows any lessening of powers, or, in fact, any great degree of either that abstraction or that garrulity with which he has latterly been charged?

> There was no fury in transcend-
> ent forms.
> But his actual candle blazed with
> artifice . . .

The candle, you see, burns brighter than ever.

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# Fall to Divinity

***"Songs for Eve," by Archibald MacLeish*** *(Houghton Mifflin. 58 pp. $3), contains a long poem dealing with a theme as old as the garden of Eden and twenty-one shorter verses that in one way or another comment upon it.*

By Sara Henderson Hay

EVER since the chronicler of Genesis first told the story of the Garden eastward in Eden writers of both prose and poetry have found in the situation and characters an unending source of fascinated speculation. Innumerable cases have been built for and against our first parents, singly or together. Whose fault was it? Whose sin (if it was a sin)? Was this act of disobedience foreordained or did it place God in an unexpected predicament? There is probably no really new way to look at Adam and Eve and that most subtle of all the beasts of the field, the Serpent, and the disastrous (or *was* it disastrous?) Tree. But Archibald MacLeish, in his "Songs for Eve," has invested his point of view with a wonderful freshness and delight, and given an old story a new lucidity and grace, as well as a stirring and dramatic humanistic aspect.

The basic theme of the sequence of twenty-eight lyrics which give the volume its title is that the cataclysmic Fall, deliberately engineered by Eve, was not a Fall *from* Divinity, but rather *to* it; the fall from earth to God, from the browsing contented animal of somnolent Eden to the soaring of the soul. Man's exile from Eden is his blessing, not in disguise, but to be seen and exulted in; his self-realization, his awakening to his own dignity and destiny as the builder of Eternity.

"Tell me," cries Eve defiantly to the thunder
"How was Heaven built?

". . . Had I not for wonder's sake
Broken law no leaf can break,
Lids were closed that now awake.

. . . Was it shame and was it sin,
Shameless out and shameful in,
So in waking to begin?

How else can heavenly thunder shake
The heart but if the heart awake?"

MacLeish's Eve is no ignorant, trifling sinner, but a woman of conviction and courage and spirit and intuitive wisdom; she has none of Adam's self-doubt or divided personality, she is neither humble nor timid. "Who teaches child that sniveling guilt?" she demands, and a fine, ringing defense of man's own stature and essential responsibility for his being, she cries to her child:

Who said you were bred
Not of flesh and of bone
But of somebody flown
From a place in the sky . . .

Who told you that lie
About body and soul? . . .

You came by the soul
As you came by the skin . . .

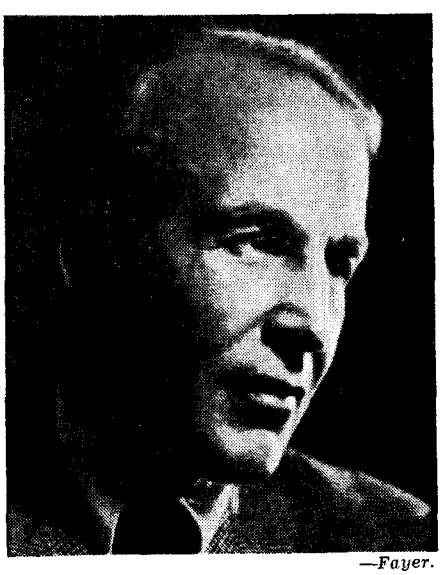
The flight that was flown
From the place in the sky—
The flesh and the bone
Made those wings that could fly.

The second portion of the book is a collection of twenty-one poems, which in a more general way pursue and elaborate the theme set in the Songs for Eve. "Reply to Wordsworth," for example, is a variation of Eve's denial of the separate genesis of the soul, coming from afar, trailing its diminishing clouds of glory.

Must there be elsewhere, too, not merely here,
To justify the certainty of miracles?

inquires the poet.

Archibald MacLeish's "Collected Poems 1917-1952" must have set some sort of record for honors received (the Pulitzer, the Bollingen, the Shelley Memorial Award, the National Book Award). The present volume of new poems contains in its relatively slim confines the same high quality of content and masterly technique, the subtlety, the profundity, the blending of intellect and emotion, the lucent and lyric charm. It is a joy to read, and to think about.



—*Fayer.*

MacLeish—"the certainty of miracles."

# Notes

**BAUDELAIRE REEXAMINED:** The British critic Martin Turnell has published a really first-rate study in **"Baudelaire"** (New Directions, $5). It is excellent in its thoroughness, its sensibility, its own prose style. Though there have been in recent decades good essays on Baudelaire and useful introductions to the various translations of "Fleurs du Mal," I feel quite sure there is nothing in English comparable in intelligence to Mr. Turnell's book.

"The 'Fleurs du Mal'," he says, "is not merely the autobiography of a soul; it is the autobiography of the divided modern man, peering at his reflection in the cracked and misted mirrors of 'Benediction' or in the sea and trying to decide what manner of man he is." He summarizes its themes as "the picture of a general breakdown of traditional relationships: the relations between Man and God—a world without redemption; between Man and Man—the community dissolves into the anonymous crowd of 'exiles'; between Man and Woman—a fragmentary mutilated religion is matched by a fragmentary mutilated love; and between the different faculties of the Individual—the destruction of the self."

Such materials and attitudes as these have made Baudelaire, a hundred years (almost) after his actual lifetime, an increasingly representative poet; these and, of course, his poetic methods—his satire, his flattening counterpoints to romanticism.

—W. T. Scott.

**ELIOT ON VERSE:** In his characteristically tentative and yet illuminating manner, T. S. Eliot discusses **"The Three Voices of Poetry"** (Cambridge University Press, $1.75). "The first is the voice," he says, "of the poet talking to himself—or to nobody. The second is the voice of the poet addressing an audience, whether large or small. The third is the voice of the poet when he attempts to create a dramatic character speaking in verse."

However glancingly, Mr. Eliot tends in recent years to be a little more autobiographical in his public pronouncements, at least as concerns his career as a writer. So here he draws as much upon personal experience as upon critical observation, and what he has to say about the poetic problems of playwriting may especially interest the greatly enlarged audience which "The Cocktail Party" and "The Confidential Clerk" have brought him. He is interesting in pointing up the differences between such full-fledged plays and such comparatively rudi-

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FICTION

# A Generation's Champs

***"First-Prize Stories from the O. Henry Memorial Awards, 1919-1954"*** *(Hanover House. 495 pp. $3.95), brings between the covers of a single volume all of the short stories which won first prizes in the competitions during the past three and one-half decades.*

By James Kelly

ONE must agree with Harry Hansen in his crisp introduction to this collection of thirty-four stories which have walked off with first prizes in the annual O. Henry Memorial Awards: a literary incentive is a better and more lasting legacy than a bronze tablet or cement monument. So now we have the readable and interesting blue-ribbon entries of the years 1919 to 1954, with gaps for 1952 and 1953 when the selection committee did not function. They embrace the consecutive editorial reigns of Blanche Colton Williams, Harry Hansen, Herschel Brickell, and current incumbents Paul Engle and Hanford Martin, who "wanted, above all else, a story—a conflict that was resolved, a narrative that carried the reader to a satisfying destination. Style, mood, reverie, sketchy suggestion were all secondary . . . they sought originality, excellence in characterization, skill in organization of plot, power in moving emotions."

Changing styles in storytelling during these thirty-five years (which may be roughly compared to the fashion swing from fat Lillian Russell to flat Christian Dior) are of course intriguing. The unrestrained patriotic sentiment of Margaret Prescott Montague's tale of a young American flier in an English household (1919) and the Edwardian expositions of Maxwell Struthers Burt in his glimpse of vanishing gentility (1920) certainly show a change of pace when read with Truman Capote's fugitive, dismal study of a rootless young man (1948) or either of William Faulkner's poetic, pathetic, legend-haunted entries (1939 and 1949).

There is an air of homogeneity, though, due in part to standards of selection which tapped *Harper's* magazine for more than a third of the total content and divided the rest pretty evenly among the top popular magazines. But this unity is due even more, one suspects, to the fact that most of the honored writers are concerned with behavior of characters under the stress of social or survival pressures provided by their favorite settings: the two world wars, the sharecroppin' South, the Great Depression.

For the most part the cluster of top-rated stories appeals more to emotion or sentiment than to mind. There is a comfortable air of screened readability hovering over the volume, though one questions the editorial claim that these are the "best" stories of their time. Perhaps they are the best of their popular kind, equal in style and characterization and mood to the run of today's offerings. But where are Anderson and Fitzgerald, Runyon and Lardner, Hemingway and Crane, Wolfe and O'Hara, Marquand and Cozzens, Stafford and Cheever, and the rest on the roster—not to mention Waugh, Thomas, O'Connor, and other foreign ringers who publish on this side of the ocean?

Walking off with quantity honors is Stephen Vincent Benét with three winners, including the familiar "The Devil and Daniel Webster," which still has the shiver-making delight that everybody remembers. Among the other double winners are Eudora Welty, who shows her prowess in evoking animal good humor and rustic talk in a folktale about a back-country man and friends who spend a day dragging a river for a body that isn't there. Kay Boyle joins this group with two war-haunted vignettes which seem oddly formless in the midst of surrounding plots. And Wilbur Daniel Steele provides sharp insight into the mind of a little girl who must accept a string of "governesses" in place of an absent and ailing mother and then an afterpiece called "Can't Cross Jordan by Myself," a ghost yarn that succeeds in being both funny and moving. The remaining two-time winner is of course Faulkner, here represented by "Barn Burning," a fine, lucid adventure of the hard-pressed Snopeses, and "A Courtship," a romantic epic with an Indian beat.

What's the best story in the book? Plenty of backing could be roused up for Dorothy Parker's "Big Blonde," the enormously deft saga of a simple woman who passes from hand to hand downhill to the attempt at suicide (doubtless with a larger meaning for the year 1929). Or maybe "Snake Doctor," by Irvin S. Cobb, does the best job of hitting its target—which is to demonstrate in the most dramatic terms possible the anguish of superstition among swamp people. And nobody at all could argue against the emotional depth and simple dignity of a lonely woodswoman's romance which Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings calls "Gal Young Un." John Bell Clayton's story of a sensitive boy persecuted by a bully gives a new twist to adolescent pathos (1947); Walter Van Tilburg Clark is represented by a moving tale of an old prospector at the end of the memory trail (1945); and John Mayo Goss gives effective meaning to the familiar (by now) situation of a man in a mental institution who tries one more time to face the world (1946).

"First-Prize Stories" offers plenty of good hours to any reader who doesn't want to work too hard. Maybe O. Henry himself would feel out of place here, as Mr. Hansen suggests, but it's a safe bet that he would recognize warm kinship with the stories and storytellers assembled in his memory.

# Small Boy and Bird

By Katherine Garrison Chapin

YOU will never be nearer
Than now, to a bird,
So close in the grass
Where you sit. Inarticulate words
Escape you, soft twitters and cries,
As the wing takes a curve above you
And you hold out your hands to the bird
As it flies.

You will never be nearer
Than now, to the soft
Whirr and rush of grass-beating wings,
Where you sit in the hush of mysterious waiting
And watch, eyes very wide. Time is approaching
Over the hill. You will follow.
Soon you will speak, you will learn;
But the moment
When you were almost a little brown bird in the grass
Will never return.

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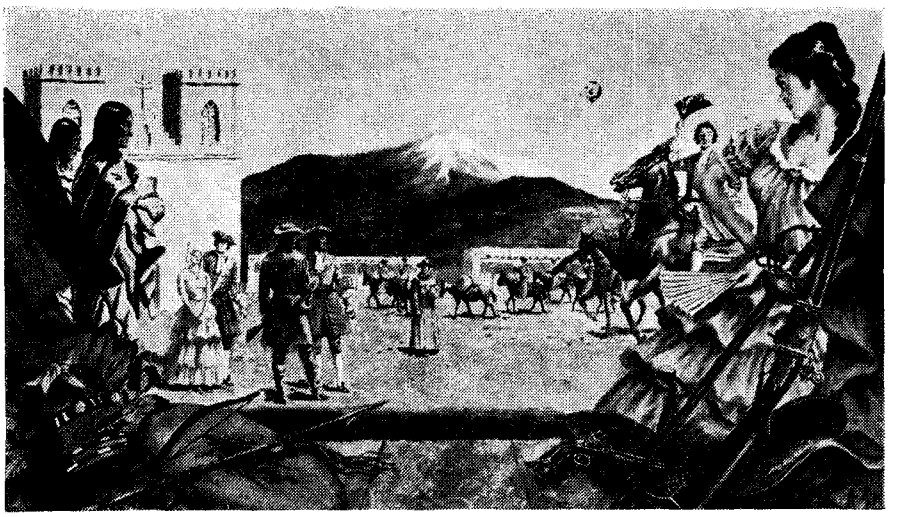

—*Jacket for "The Spanish Bride."*

"... New Mexico in terms of a woman of genius."

# Magnetic New World Mistress

***"The Spanish Bride," by Walter O'Meara*** *(G. P. Putnam. 370 pp. $3.95), is the story of an eighteenth-century dancer with a penchant for trouble that carries her from Old Madrid to New Mexico.*

By Lon Tinkle

"THE SPANISH BRIDE," Walter O'Meara's new novel about early days in the European colonizing of the American Southwest, is both excellent fiction and an excellent historical novel.

There is no necessity to draw the line artistically between fiction and historical novels. But in a report to the public it sometimes does become necessary to reassure different strata of taste about what they are going to get. Lovers of derring-do as well as those plodding souls who take a puritanical delight in a thick brew of carefully detailed facts will find good measure in "The Spanish Bride." But those who like fiction to grow organically from sound intuitive perception will also find Mr. O'Meara's novel substantial. He has obviously fallen in love not merely with his subject, but also with his heroine. The "bride" of the title is a masterly portrait, with real psychological penetration.

The career of this Spanish girl, humbly reared in Avila at the turn of the eighteenth century, is shaped by two exceptional gifts with which she is endowed at birth. "La Sola," as the girl becomes known when she is a supreme dancer in Madrid, is born with magnetizing rhythm and dramatic verve; and she is born with an aloof but fiery heart. Mr. O'Meara has had the inspiration to write of Spanish settlement in New Mexico in terms, this time, of a woman of genius. The conquistador and the dedicated priest have had their innings. Mr. O'Meara makes persuasive the presence in the desert of human beauty.

One reason for this persuasiveness is the attention he pays to the part of the book laid in Spain, almost half the story.

Exploiting impressively the virtue of "sympathetic imagination"—which Balzac once observed was all the equipment a novelist needed if he had a few facts—this historical novelist re-creates the brilliant Spanish world of the theatre towards 1700 and almost lets an early-day prototype of Sarah Bernhardt, say, run away with the story. From fear of this actress who has taken her under her wing, the poor young Josafina manages to offend a pursuant and powerful grandee. His revenge is so great that the young Josefina is presently compelled to escape to the New World. That is why Don Antonio Valverde, temporarily back in the old country, is able to bring to New Mexico as his mistress one of the superlative beauties of Old Spain.

IT IS neither love nor adventure that dowers Spanish colonial America with this famous artist of the unstirred heart, the lonely "La Sola." But both love and adventure are born around her as naturally as dust rises in Santa Fe Plaza. The Old World pattern of pursuit and revenge is repeated in the New—and this time La Sola is the active agent rather than the passive. The author never stresses this irony but allows his plot to grow in dramatic intensity as isolated aristocrats in the wilderness become as natural as Nature.

Josefina's is a beautiful destiny, albeit tragic. This almost classic figure of woman is sharply outlined against a host of details rendering the scene as vivid as the people in the story.

## Notes

**THE LONG SEARCH:** According to the material on the dust-jacket of **"The Searchers"** (Harpers, $3), after sixteen years of successful and prolific writing for the movies and the slicks, Alan Le May took a year and a half off to write the story he wanted to tell and do it the way he wanted it. The result is a superior Western, good lively reading, but it is hard to see more than a year's work in it.

The story deals with the ranchers who established themselves within the part of northern Texas that the Comanches and Kiowas had always claimed as their own, and who battled—and often enough failed—to stay alive and hold their ground against the Indians. The author knows his locale and period well. Both provide a story legitimately full of shooting and scalping, hostile and friendly Indians, Texas Rangers, and other agents and instruments of violence.

The heart of this particular tale is the amazing persistence of two men who search year after year to find and redeem a little girl—no longer little by the time the search ends—whom the Comanches had stolen. The theme is that stubborn persistence, and underlying it the totally unselfconscious, unmentioned courage that made it possible. The presence of this theme, which the writer does not expound within the story but allows to develop itself, comes as near as anything to lifting the book out of its class. Even so, one might miss it were it not stated briefly on the page before the story begins.

The appearance of this novel, laid in the period not long after the Civil War when the more warlike tribes were still on the loose, the time of the extinction of the buffalo, invites comparison with Milton Lott's recently published novel, "The Last Hunt," a first work by a man moved by authentic passion.

Mr. Le May is guilty of none of the irrationalities or naivetes that mark the beginner's novel. His is the work of the long-experienced craftsman—and not much more. His Indians and

(*Continued on page* 55)

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# For Christmas

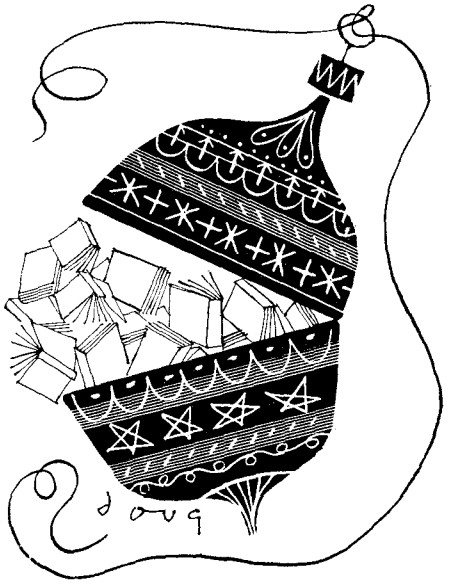
*Continued from page 23*

formance features of each car, and including accurate information based on careful road tests of each car. The book is cleanly done and seems authoritative. If you have a horse-lover in the family there is **"Portraitures of Horses,"** by the artist George Ford Morris (Fordacre Studios, $35), a high-priced item but one which appears to live up to its jacket slogan of "The Horse Book of the Century," for Mr. Morris seems to have collected his whole life's work of horse paintings, drawings, and cartoons, many of them extremely handsome and, seemingly, absolutely accurate down to the last muscle.

For a somewhat special literary and/or Christmas audience there are three collections, none exceedingly handsome but still durable looking. One of these is **"A Churchill Reader,"** edited by Colin R. Coote (Houghton Mifflin, $5), being a compendium of the wit and wisdom of Sir Winston, largely from his speeches, but many from his writings too. As a help in breaking down the Prime Minister's compleat personality, Mr. Coote has arranged his excerpts so that they fall under such headings as "On Himself," "On His Dislikes," "On Foreigners," "On Human Conduct," etc. Similarly Doubleday has come out with a collection of the writings of one of the best money-makers among their authors and called it **"Mr. Maugham Himself: A Collection of Writings by W. Somerset Maugham,"** selected by John Beecroft ($5.95), and including in very fine but very scrupulous print some short stories, some essays, some excerpts from his "A Writer's Notebook" and the complete texts of both "Of Human Bondage" and "The Summing Up," the latter of which is for the first time available outside a limited edition. Into this classification of collections—since it fits into no other and since it certainly belongs with the Christmas offerings—must also fall **"The Saturday Book,"** edited by John Hadfield (Macmillan, $5). This one is Number 14 of this series of books, and, if you have never seen the preceding thirteen there is no possible way for you to understand what it is unless you hike yourself down to the nearest bookstore and take a look at it. For it is a veritable bucketful of British humor, including little essays on "The Natural History of the Chorus Girl" and "The Decline of the Detective" as well as a lavish display of female figures (draped and otherwise), chamber pots (decorated and undecorated), and dried-flower arrangements, if you or anybody you know go or goes for that sort of thing.

There are every year two hardy perennials which appear on the Christmas shelves and which rarely change from year to year except, of course, for their pictorial contents. These are **"U. S. Camera 1955,"** edited by Tom Maloney (U. S. Camera Publishing Co., $6.95), and **"Year: The Annual Picture History"** (Simon & Schuster, $10). This year's "Year" bears a foreword by Chief Justice Earl Warren, who, unfortunately, does not seem to be able to make any more out of this year than was true of any other recent year, though his heart is in the right place. But the pictures, as always, seem well chosen and interesting and international in scope, and they live up to their claims, I would think, a little better than do those of "U. S. Camera," which claims to contain the year's best pictures (and which does not) and which also is international (but for what reason it is hard to see).

ONE of the brightest little books to appear this Christmas bears down pleasantly on its subject: **"Christmas Lighting and Decorating,"** by Theodore Saros (Van Nostrand, $1.95). It is an invaluable handbook for those who would like to know how to make the most of their domiciles during the holidays. There is probably nothing in the book which you have not seen in or on some house before; but if you have wondered how that cut-out of a reindeer was made Mr. Saros is the man to tell you, and he is an expert at showing you how to string lights all over the place without tripping up your children or the fuse box. Mrs. Patricia Easterbrook Roberts has not limited herself to any particular season in her **"Party Decorations for Christmas and Other Occasions"** (Studio Publications, $5.95), but she is partial to Christmas and that part of her book which isn't used up then may be valuable later in the year.



Among these special Christmas books there are also those which have not forgotten the original purpose of the day. **"A New Christmas Treasury,"** edited by Robert and Maria Lohan (Stephen Daye, $3.75), is a collection of stories, both sacred and profane, designed especially for reading aloud around this season of the year. Maymie R. Krythe in **"All About Christmas"** (Harper, $2.75), has accumulated a wealth of historical information about the origins and observances of the day, each chapter being named fortuitously after a Christmas carol. But it has remained for James H. Barnett in **"The American Christmas"** (Macmillan, $2.95) to evaluate the whole holiday occasion with a rather jaundiced eye and to write a book which includes such chapters as "The Social Role of Santa Claus" ("Many parents are uneasy when faced with the necessity of admitting to their children that Santa Claus is an unreal figure") and "Exploiting a Festival" —some subject matter which may not get to the marrow of the matter but which at least tastes the meat.

—JOHN HAVERSTICK.

## CARTOON BOOKS

ONE thing is certain, when you give a book of cartoons your present will never be forgotten, because the darn things are too big to store on the regular bookshelves. You wind up putting them with the record albums, and every six weeks or so you take them out and try to get them in with the books again.

This season the publishers have provided more than a dozen handsome volumes and, if you've your gift list handy, let us take them up gently.

The prize of the collection, in my eyes, is Saul Steinberg's **"The Passport,"** a Harper release with 224 pages. 350 drawings from a man I am coming to believe is one of the top black-and-white artists of our day, good enough to be bracketed with Dali and Picasso. At five dollars this breaks down to something like a penny and a half a drawing, and, since Steinberg works exclusively in pen-and-ink, they reproduce beautifully and are almost as good as originals.

Steinberg is marvelous in two areas, the overelaborate and the simple. The curleycue, elaboration, and grace note enchant him wherever they appear, on a juke box, in a Victorian building facade, in the signature on an official document, in a label on a wine bottle. At the same time he uses one bounding wavy line to draw three old ladeis in fur coats.

It might not be a bad idea to begin

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your Christmas shopping by wrapping up "The Passport" for yourself.

Among the individual stars who are represented in the current collections is Charles Addams, the monster master of *The New Yorker,* now appearing in his fourth compendium under the title, **"Homebodies."** Addams is at home in his private world of horror, and he continues to be entertaining after twenty-two years at the same grisly stand. My favorite in the new collection shows the doughty little scouts of the Beaver Patrol, one of whom has assisted the troop in crossing a stream by gnawing down a tree. At $2.95 this Simon & Schuster issue makes a nice scare package.

Several syndicated newspaper features have been bound into books for the Yuletide, including **"Baby Sitter's Guide"** (Henry Holt, $1.50), more from Hank Ketcham's Dennis the Menace series; **"Grin and Bear It"** (McGraw-Hill, $1.50), a collection from the George Lichty syndicated series of the same name, and **"Birds, Beasts and Bostonians"** (Little, Brown, $3), a selection from the daily series Francis Dahl has been doing for the Boston *Herald* the past quarter-century. The Boston book, of course, is a regional gift, and Dennis is born-to-order for anybody with a small house-wrecker of their own on the premises. The Dennis book has been filled out with some text which I guess you can safely disregard, and the dear little chap is up to his old tricks of heart-warming destruction.

Also in the infants-and-toddlers department is a book called **"Blessed Event,"** by Bill O'Malley (Prentice-Hall, $1.95), which is rather grim about the problems of people who increase the birth rate.

GENERALLY unclassifiable, but also vaguely concerned with things that are small and mischievous is a handsome volume called **"Max,"** by Giovanneti (Macmillan, $2.95), a cartoonist who has appeared in *Punch* and other European publications, but who has not yet been seen to any great extent in these colonies. It would be beneficial, I believe, if this oversight in our imports were to be remedied at once, for Max is a mink-like little varmint who goes at every project with enormous enthusiasm and ends in spectacular confusion. When Max takes a bath he uses a bagpipe to blow bubbles, when he plays the contrabass he shoots the bow through an archery target. This is clearly a rodent to reckon with, and he will be received with pleasure into the homes of your discriminating relatives and friends.

For relatives and friends who refuse to stay home, Ives Washburn has supplied a volume of Syd Hoff travels entitled **"Out of Gas"** ($2.95), a picture story of an auto trip guaranteed to cure wanderlust in one treatment.

—*From "The Passport," by Steinberg (Harper).*

No year in the cartoon field is complete without the collections from the back pages of the magazines. *This Week's* collection, **"What's Funny About That?"** (E. P. Dutton, $2.95), offers some inside facts on the editorial sessions at which magazine cartoons are chosen and brief personality notes on a dozen of the leading contributors. There is also a stimulating article on the use of squeans, plewds, and briffits. A squean, for your information, is a loose-jointed asterisk placed over a character's head to indicate he has been drinking. Plewds are perspiration drops. Four plewds equal embarrassment, six plewds, mortification, eight plewds, utter devastation. Briffits are little rings of dust put behind a character to indicate he has been running. These handy hints, plus a collection of the sparkling panels from *This Week's* pages, make this anthology an excellent present for someone who's getting into the business of being funny, since it correctly points out that it is a very tough business indeed.

*The Saturday Evening Post's* entry, **"Honey I'm Home!"** (E. P. Dutton, $2.95), and the annual Lawrence Lariar-edited **"Best Cartoons of the Year,"** (Crown, $2.50) are both big books of laughs. The collections were interesting to me because I hadn't realized how much sex there is in the *Saturday Evening Post.* About one in ten of the laughs from Ben Franklin's household gazette are concerned with that titillating subject, you may be surprised and delighted to learn. Not risque, you understand, but concerned.

**"Fashion's Folly,"** by Leslie Lieber and Toni Miller (Vanguard Press, $2) is even more intensely involved with girls. It does the "White Collar Zoo" trick of inventing conversation for photographs, the pictures in this case being the glamorous and silly poses of high-fashion models. The girls are great, the lines invented for them are not. If you are fortunate enough to be in the position of giving one of these enchanted creatures a present, this volume will make an inexpensive substitute for pink mink.

As there always seem to be books about the strangest things, let us record also the presence of **"Words Fail Me"** (A. A. Wyn, $2), Brant House's collection of cartoons without captions, and **"Quiz Fizzles"** (J. B. Lippincott, $1), a list of the incredible things that have been said by contestants on quiz programs. The latter will undoubtedly be snapped up by the writers who figure out the dialogue spoken by the competitors in their spontaneous and unrehearsed interviews.

It has been, as you can see, a busy season, but a useful one, especially because it includes, along with "Homebodies" and "Max," the brilliant Steinberg book, "The Passport," which makes the gift one of art as well as laughter. —LEE ROGOW.

## ART BOOKS

ART goes with Christmas the way messages go with Christmas cards. What better way to send a really cordial Christmas greeting than by a good art book? Here are half a dozen that should do the trick.

This year the Museum of Modern Art, in order to celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary, has published **"Mas-**

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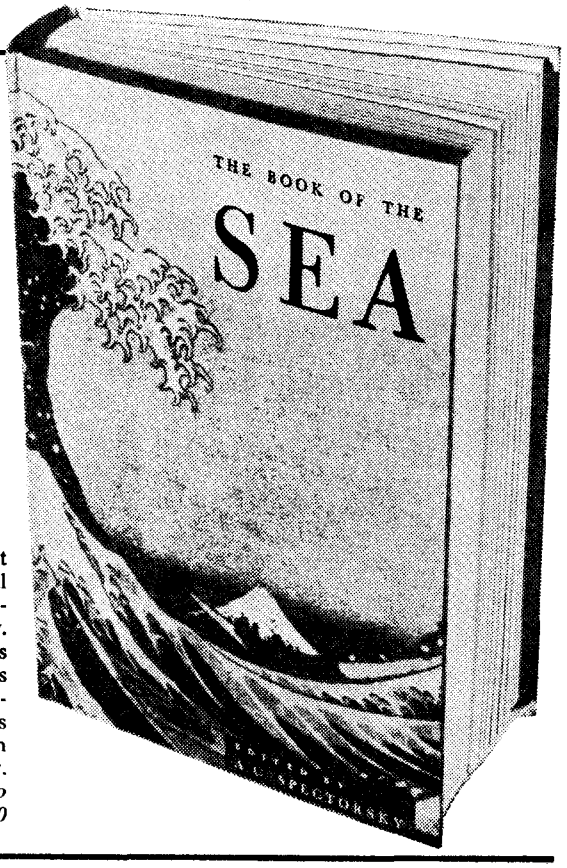


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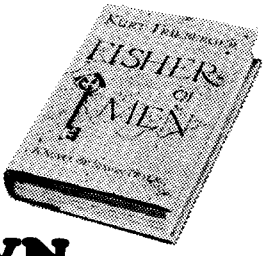


## TO FAME UNKNOWN

*By CLIFFORD LINDSEY ALDERMAN.* "An engrossing, skillfully told novel of the French and Indian wars." —*United Press.* *$3.95*

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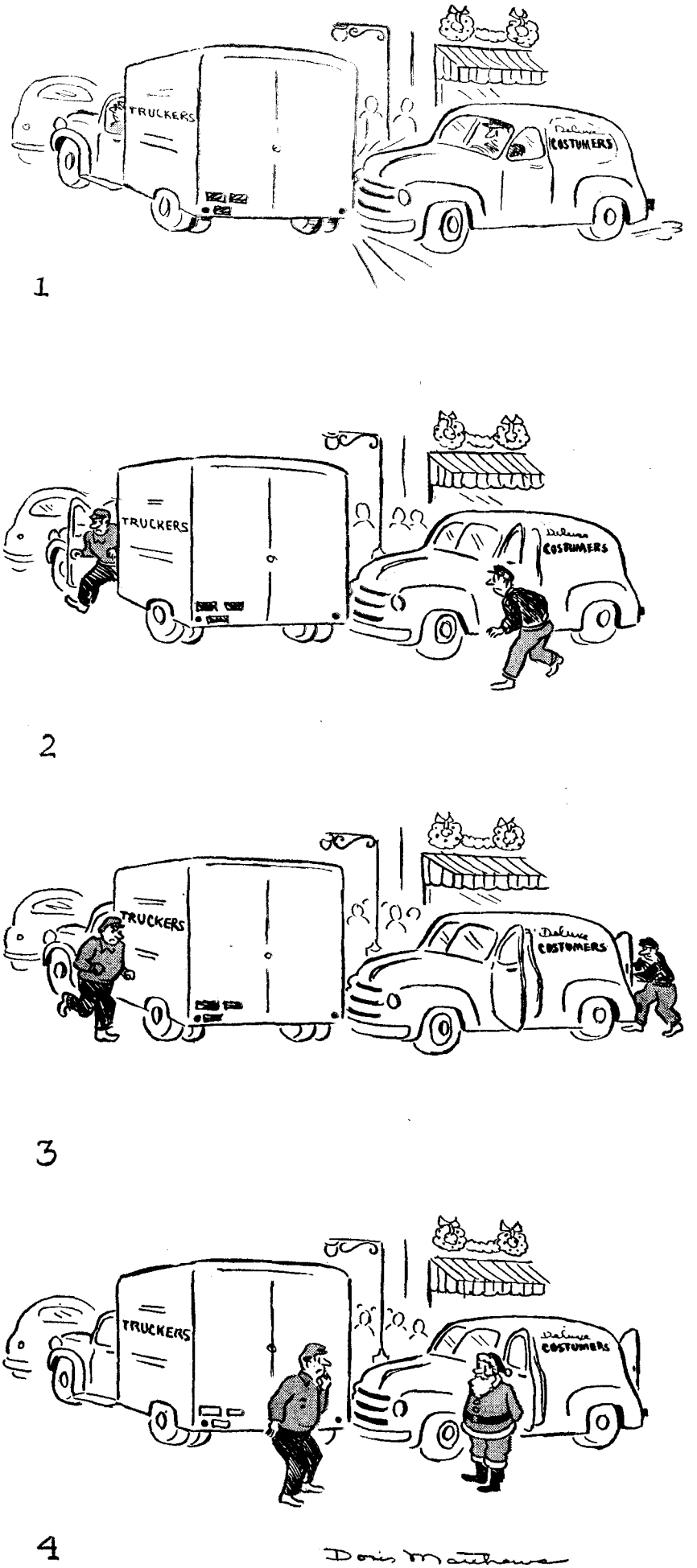


**ters of Modern Art"** (Simon & Schuster, $15), a collection of 356 reproductions of its most important acquisitions, seventy-seven of which are in color. For the newer generation, which has not seen too many holidays, and for those who wonder what modern art is all about here is an excellent opportunity for investigating it without being led by the hand.

If you are looking for a gift to an art-book collector, you can be fairly certain that you are not duplicating something he already has if you give him **"Egyptian Painting"** (Skira, $20), a volume that opens up a rich new field in art for almost everybody. In it, ninety-five plates, all in color, three thousand years of ancient art can be browsed through, all enlarged upon by a generous text which has been provided by Arpag Mekhitarian. Neither will your art-book connoisseur have a copy of **"Egypt, Painting from Tombs and Temples"** (New York Graphic Society for UNESCO, $15). There is relatively little text in this volume, the emphasis being on the thirty-two large-size color prints.

For those looking for a rapid and encompassing survey of the fine arts Francis Henry Taylor, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, has gathered together in **"Fifty Centuries of Art"** (Harper) almost 350 color reproductions, most of them of paintings, and he has still managed to keep the price down to five dollars by keeping most of the reproductions small, running from page-size to calling-card size.

Those interested in Spanish painting should find the 280 illustrations in **"Zurbaran"** (Phaidon, $12.50) quite sufficient to cover this master for their library, and Professor Martin Soria has managed to cram a good deal of history of the classic Baroque painters in with that of the artist so that it meets the requirements of all but the specialist. And if you are planning a trip to Spain, including Madrid's Prado—or if you have already been there—you can indulge your hopeful thinking or your memories with **"Art Treasures of the Prado"** (Harry Abrams, $12.50). Three centuries of royal collecting were gathered in the Prado—and in this book—by rulers whose tastes were by no means parochial. Many of the gems of Flemish fifteenth- and sixteenth-century art have been in Spain virtually since their creation, as have some of the most important monuments to Venetian art. The historical background notes and the highly informative notes on each of the 167 plates are furnished by Harry Wehle, who was for many years curator of painting at the Metropolitan.

—L. R. SANDER.

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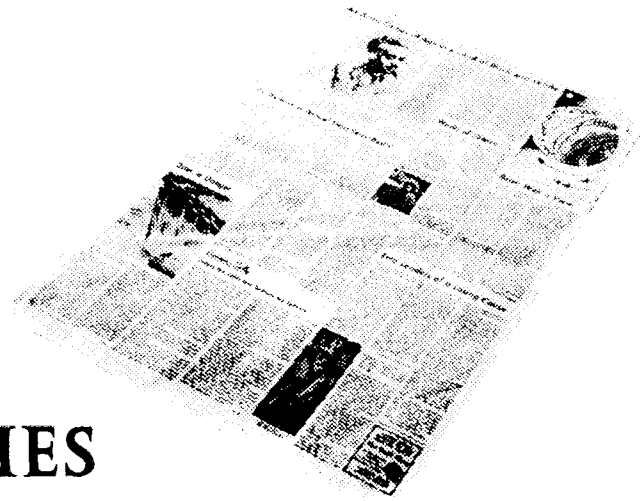
*Best for Books . . .*

# The Providence Sunday Journal



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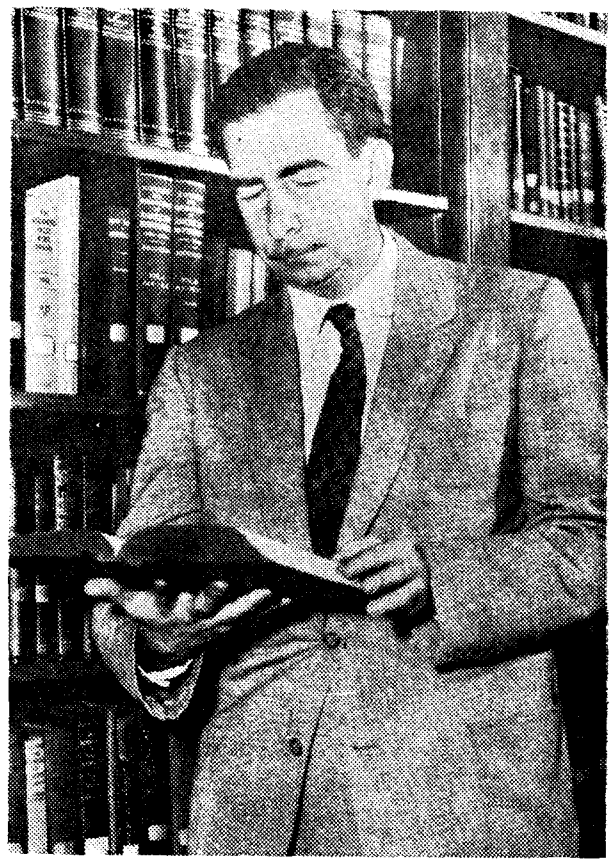

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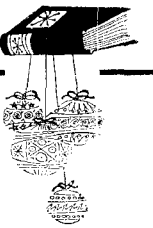

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

# *Blarney, Bardoglyphics, and Balletmania*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once said that Ireland was the only spot on earth still producing the historical Englishman. The recent list of theatre books seems to bear him out. That wonderful old man Sean O'Casey, whose "Purple Dust" is scheduled to be seen on Broadway in January, has completed the final volume of his autobiography, **"Sunset and Evening Star"** (Macmillan, $4.75). Oscar Fingall O'Flahertie Wills Wilde is represented by the most complete edition of his works which can be published (Dutton, $4.95). **"The Epigrams of Oscar Wilde"** (John Day, $4) is not only a handy anthology of wit, but this book will serve as an index to Wilde. A third volume on the disaster of Wilde's life is contributed by his son Vyvyan Holland (Dutton, $3.75). Finally, there is a handy little volume of drama criticism by Shaw himself, **"Plays and Players"** (Oxford, $1.35). Any of the above books might well be presented in combination with two Irish anthologies just out. Padraic Colum's **"Treasury of Irish Folklore"** (Crown, $5) concentrates on old legends and tales, while **"An Anthology of Irish Literature"** (Random House, $1.45) covers both folklore and the later, more deliberate literary efforts.

Shakespeare may not have been an Irishman but, if we believe Helge Kokeritz's reconstruction of Shakespeare's pronunciation, he spoke like an Irishman. Is there something about Irish inflection conducive to writing? Professor Kokeritz — along with Charles Tyler Preutz—has performed an invaluable service for Shakespearean scholars by putting out a facsimile edition of **"Shakespeare's First Folio"** (Yale, $12.50). This book is not only a "must" for Bardophiles, but is most helpful to anyone who wishes to find clues to Shakespeare's ideas of performance. More readable for the general buyer is Charles Jasper Sissons's **"William Shakespeare: the Complete Works"** (Harper, $6). This edition contains the complete text of "Sir Thomas More." Peter Alexander's volume (Random House, $3.75) contains only the 147 lines of this play attributed to Shakespeare. However, Alexander's book has been highly praised by Dover Wilson for its editorial interpretations, and his glossary is better than Sissons's. Shakespearean commentary is a special and overplowed field. **"Shakespeare Survey 7"** (Cambridge, $3.75), like predecessors, continues to be a valuable roundup of the year's activities in Shakespeare research and production. No Shakespeare production anywhere is as beautifully documented as the festival at Stratford, Ontario. Under the title **"Twice Have the Trumpets Sounded"** (Clarke, Irwin, $4) Tyrone Guthrie, Robertson Davies, and Grant MacDonald have described their distinguished project. C. Walter Hodges's **"The Globe Restored"** (Coward-McCann, $7.50) gathers together in one book all the recent research that forms our ideas of the Elizabethan playhouse. Leslie Hotson's **"The First Night of Twelfth Night"** (Macmillan, $4.50) brings evidence that this play may have been performed in the round. He also investigates the relationship of many of the characters to important personages of the Elizabethan era. And there is a book by Robert Speaight on the man who did more than anyone else to change the antiquated, bombastic productions of Shakespeare that flourished around the end of the nineteenth century—**"William Poel and the Elizabethan Revival"** (Harvard, $4.75).

IF THERE is a *aficionado* more violent than a Bardolater it is the balletomane. This fall there is plenty for him to choose from. **"Ballet Panorama"** (Rinehart, $7.50), with Baron's exquisite photographs of leading dancers and ballet groups, is ideal as a souvenir. For those who are actually interested in being dancers William Walters English's **"Basic Ballet"** (Random House, $7.50) gives a thorough description of all the steps in the training of a dancer, and the book includes on its covers 45-rpm records of Zachary Solov giving all the voice calls he uses at the Metropolitan Opera ballet classes. Walter Terry's **"Ballet in Action"** (Putnam, $10) attempts to be both a photographic album of the City Center Ballet and an analysis of the techniques used by dancers and choreographers. Arnold Haskell's **"The Ballet Annual"** (Macmillan, $4.50) is a valuable illustrated roundup of 1955 ballet productions all over the world. More special but nevertheless giving a good picture of the dancers' world is Richard Buckle's **"Adventures of a Ballet**

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**Critic"** (British Book Centre, $2.75).

Drama critics for the most part refrain from the warm personal friendships Mr. Buckle maintains with ballet performers. Theoretically it makes possible more scathing reviews. Yet John Gassner, whose **"The Theatre in Our Times"** (Crown, $5) is a comprehensive and conscientious evaluation of the current theatre, and Eric Bentley, whose **"The Dramatic Event"** (Horizon, $3.50) is a collection of provocative essays on the same subject, are both men who like to plunge into theatrical activity in the professional theatre. Give these books in combination with such a volume as A. C. Ward's **"Specimens of English Dramatic Criticism: 1600-1900"** (Oxford, $1.35). Mr. Bentley's previous comments are now available in a paperback edition, **"In Search of Theatre"** (Anchor, 95¢). Also an Anchor is H. D. F. Kitto's book **"Greek Tragedy"** ($1.25). And in a similar classification might be put T. S. Eliot's **"The Three Voices of Poetry"** (Cambridge, $1.75), which explains much about the poet's position in the theatre.

IN THE field of plays, I refer the reader to my column [SR Aug. 21]. Since that time very few plays have been published: Samuel Beckett's **"Waiting for Godot"** (Grove, $1.75), called by Jean Anouilh the most important development in modern drama since Pirandello; Barry Stairs's unusual **"The Man Who Never Died"** (Haven, $3), which couples a factual biography of a labor hero to a play about him; William Alfred's unproduced first play, **"Agamemnon"** (Knopf, $3), which brings a modern tone to the Greek play; an anthology, **"Greek Drama for Everyman"** (Macmillan, $4), arranged for reading by F. L. Lucas; a papercover edition of **"Euripides: 'The Bacchae' and Other Plays"** (Penguin, 50¢), all newly translated by Philip Vellacott; **"An Anthology of Greek Drama Second Series"** (Rinehart, 95¢). Back in hardcovers again are **"Modern Scandinavian Plays"** (Liveright, $4.50) and **"The Collected Plays of Terence Rattigan"** (British Book Centre, Vol. I, $3.25). Along with the Broadway hits **"Kismet"** and **"The Solid Gold Cadillac"** (Random House, $2.50 each) they make a scantier crop than usual. RCA Victor, with its albums of "The Boy Friend" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," and the film version of "Carmen Jones," are getting these shows to the public with astonishing rapidity. This timeliness doubles the impact of such a gift.

Probably most useful of all theatre-book gifts is the reference book. The Broadway season is documented in three different volumes. There is Daniel Blum's **"Theatre World"** (Greenberg, $4.50), which, because of its offset printing, falls short of being the kind of wonderful picture record that is the British **"Theatre World Annual"** (Macmillan, $3.75). However, both have an actor index which augments their usefulness. Louis Kronenberger's **"The Best Plays of 1953-1954"** (Dodd, Mead, $5) is, except for its lack of actor index and the omission of "Sabrina Fair," a deeper and more timeless assessment of the season for the earnest theatregoer than John Chapman's **"Theatre '54."** However, the latter has slightly larger type and contains a list of off-Broadway plays from all over the country at the end of George Freidley's article on the subject. Also appearing this year is Supplement II of **"The Player's Library"** (Theatre Arts, $5), the best guide there is to published plays and theatre books. John Gassner's **"Masters of the Drama"** (Dover, $5.95) has been revised and is a solid compendium of information about important world playwrights from the beginning to modern times.

**"Turgenev"** (Grove, $6), by David Magarshack, is a thorough biography of that playwright. Other theatrical biographies include Wisner Payne Kinne's **"George Pierce Baker and the American Theatre"** (Harvard, $6), Craig Timberlake's **"The Bishop of Broadway: David Belasco"** (Library Publishers, $4.75), and Frank Durham's **"Du Bose Heyward: The Man Who Wrote Porgy"** (South Carolina, $4.50). Autobiographical works are Noel Coward's **"Future Indefinite"** (Doubleday, $4.50), **"Cecile Sorel"** (Roy, $3.50), Louis Armstrong's **"Satchmo"** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), and the late John Murray Anderson's **"Out Without My Rubbers"** (Library Publishers, $3.95).

Not belonging to any group but nonetheless interesting are Fred Lounsberry's **"103 Lyrics of Cole Porter"** (Random House, $3.50), Janos Scholz's **"Baroque and Romantic Stage Design"** (Beechhurst, $7.50), Nicolai Gorchakov's **"Stanislavsky Directs"** (Funk and Wagnalls, $4.75), and two textbooks: **"An Introduction to the Theatre"** (Harper, $6), by Minnesota Professor Frank M. Whiting, and **"Let's Meet the Theatre"** (Abelard-Schuman, $4), by Dorothy and Joseph Samachson. Adding authenticity to the latter are a series of interviews with Broadway directors, playwrights, actors, etc.

The above list is by no means complete, but it may save you a little time when you are looking for the right book for a person with a special theatre interest. —HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

# The Emperor's New Girl

—*From "Desiree."*

Simmons-Désirée *vis-a-vis* Brando-Napoleon—"she's the girl who writes it all down."

SOME weeks ago in this space I had occasion to refer to the "in-love-with-Loretta-Young" theory of history, a Hollywood approach to the chronicles of nations which made it appear that the love of Empress Eugenie (played by Loretta Young) caused Ferdinand de Lesseps (played by Tyrone Power) to dig a canal across the Isthmus of Suez (played by the Mojave Desert).

It is my impression that the chaps who made the filmization of Annemarie Selinko's novel **"Désirée"** took a mutual oath to avoid the pitfall into which so many makers of costume pictures have tumbled. I have a mental image of producer Julian Blaustein, director Henry Koster, screen playwright Daniel Taradash, all picture colony veterans, cautioning one another, "For Heaven's sake, let's not have Napoleon attacking Sweden because Désirée's husband was the Crown Prince, and let's not have him escaping from his exile on Elba because he wanted to see a girl."

They managed to keep true to their resolution for about a mile of pretty-colored pictures. Désirée and Napoleon have a brief romantic passage-at-arms in Marseilles, but the Citizen General from Corsica is too ambitious to marry the silk merchant's daughter. He goes on to his marriage with Josephine and the road to his own intense and bloody glory. She goes on to a marriage with Marshal Bernadotte, a Napoleonic lieutenant who became Crown Prince of Sweden and later helped defeat his former commander in the field. The stories take place in the same time and place, but they are not the same story. Désirée is actually a spectator, not a participant in Napoleon's career. She is the girl who writes it all down in her diary.

Out of need to fuse the pair into drama, the picture-makers have been forced to bring them together, in the meantime dealing history and credulity stunning blows from which neither may ever recover.

Item: When Napoleon returns from the Moscow debacle he comes straight to the living room of Désirée Bernadotte and commands her to write a letter to her husband, offering an alliance between France and Sweden. "Perhaps if it were to come from you," says the Emperor, and his voice trails off.

Item: When Napoleon has been defeated at Waterloo, and he is faced with the fact that he must surrender to the allies or see Paris destroyed, it is Désirée who makes the pilgrimage

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to the barricaded emperor at Malmaison, Désirée who gently persuades him to forego the luxury of a Götterdämmerung, Désirée who walks back to the allies carrying Napoleon's sword.

Clearly, this is a woman's story, told by a woman about a woman for women wherever they may be. The great events of Napoleon's rise—his two marriages, numberless battles, two abdications—are communicated through the pages of Désirée's diary. Pensively, she writes, "There's been a battle at Waterloo." That takes care of Waterloo. Or again, "Napoleon has escaped from Elba. When will the bloodshed end?" So much for Elba.

I suspect that no one would give this business a second thought if it were not such an expensive and beautifully mounted film, and if it did not have Marlon Brando playing the little fellow who has never ceased to entrance historians and actors. Brando, who used to talk like a prize-fighter, has apparently been doing intensive work on his entire speech equipment. He has come a long way from the Kowalski who gabbled about the Napoleonic Code in "A Streetcar Named Desire" to the Emperor who caused it to be written in the less sturdy vehicle named "Désirée."

For this role he has produced the sound of a husky whisper with British accents that make him sound exactly like Claude Rains. It's an interesting performance. Brando has matchless tension and presence as a performer; he is without doubt the most exciting American actor of our day. In "Désirée," however, he is stiffly posed in every scene, and it must be said that he is seldom more than Marlon Brando in a Napoleon suit.

In the company Merle Oberon has several touching passages as a Josephine cruelly shrugged off by the Emperor because she is barren. Miss Oberon has been given the most effective of the brilliant costumes created by Rene Hubert for the production, and she wears them with superb chic. Michael Rennie displays his manly good looks as the one marshal who refuses to let Napoleon dictate his ideals. Jean Simmons, a spirited performer on occasion, plays individual scenes well, but the part of Désirée is too diffuse

Twentieth-Century Fox has dressed this production to its ears. There are dazzling examples of Directoire and Empire styles. Taking one consideration with another, however, I would say M-G-M did a tiny bit better with the Georgian settings in "Beau Brummell" (which, as many of my alert readers pointed out, starred Stewart Granger and not Sterling Hayden).

—Lee Rogow.

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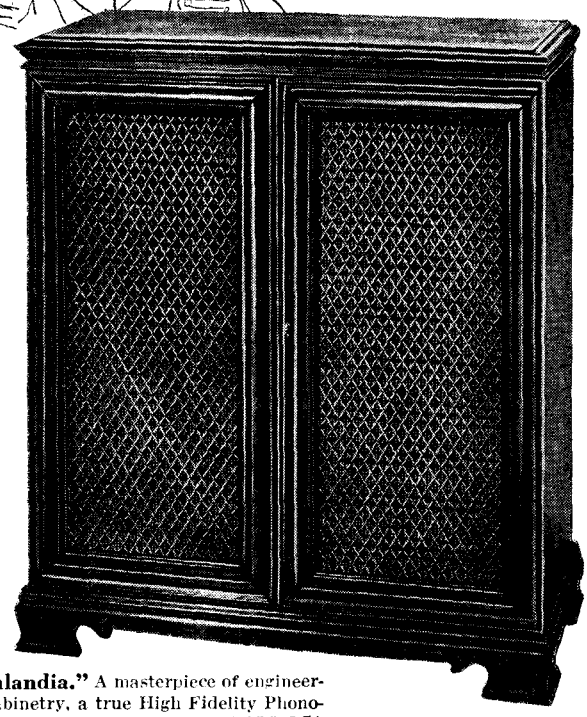

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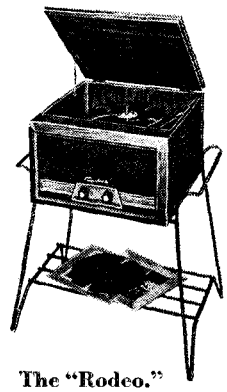

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

# Orff and Peregallo in Carnegie, Items Operatic

A WEEK in which the names of such substantial European composers as Carl Orff and Mario Peregallo appear for the first time on Carnegie Hall programs can hardly be called routine, and this was that week. The agents, respectively, for the former's "Carmina Burana" and the latter's Concerto for Violin were Leopold Stokowski and the Boston University chorus and orchestra, and Charles Munch, Joseph Fuchs, and the Boston Symphony. The obvious conclusion that Boston heard these performances prior to New York puts its own stamp on the kind of enterprise that is prevailing, locally, in music these days.

For that matter, the time when the Stokowski beneficence on behalf of such a score—as in the instance of Mahler's "Symphony of a Thousand," Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," or Berg's "Wozzeck"—would be regarded as an unchallenged and unchallengable revelation from on high does not obtain now. "Carmina Burana" (not to mention its companion piece "Catulli Carmina") has been circulated in recorded form these many months. Here, however, the consequence is to enhance the regard for Stokowski, for his "Carmina Burana" in scope and sweep, rhythmic bite and verbal impact was decidedly more pertinent than the tamer tender of Eugen Jochum and Munich devotees.

For those to which these matters are mysteries it may be mentioned that Orff is a Bavarian in his mid-fifties, whose driving rhythms, frank melodic trends, and non-complicated harmonies have given him substantial leadership in music most played in Germany since the war. His revolutionary trend consists in not being a revolutionary, rather in absorbing from such isolated but not unrelated masters of the past as Stravinsky and Moussorgsky, Borodin and Bartok, materials of a fresh and vigorous, yet somehow personal idiom.

"Carmina Burana" is a kind of rowdy cantata (or oratorio) based on thirteenth-century poems found many years later in a Bavarian monastery (*Benediktbeuren,* from which the title is derived). Originally presented as a stage work, it loses little, in effect, by having its fatalistic sections propitiating Fortuna, celebrating the joys of spring, of the vine, and carnal love done in concert form. Latin and low German provide the word values, but the whole musical effect is akin (if the comparison does not suggest too much) to another "Sacre," with an inherent Germanic scholasticism limiting an impingement on Stravinsky's Russian paganism.

Stokowski's compulsive way worked wonders with the collegiate ensemble (bolstered at critical places by faculty members). In its featured sections the orchestra could not produce the tonal vigor or variety he wanted, for lack of skill and adequate instruments; but all the concerted sections had magnificent verve and precision, and several of the soloists (especially tenor Elmer Dickey) were outstanding. The evening began with Normand Lockwood's setting for chorus and orchestra of various Carl Sandburg poems in a sequence titled "Prairie." Its qualities merit more space than present circumstances permit. Here, too, the performance was of a high order, reflecting greatly to the credit of Boston U., and its decidedly welcome "guest."

PEREGALLO'S elaborate but uncomplicated, intricate but not unplayable violin concerto has many virtues, not the least of which is the composer's sound knowledge of the instrument and how it may be utilized to advantage. He has, in common with most of his compatriots, a singing impulse which expresses itself in a constant interplay of melodic elements with the more spare rhythmic ones considered *de rigueur* by contemporary writers. The harmonic texture constantly suggested tonality to my ear, though I would not venture to state this dogmatically.

If the work seems to have a conspicuous demerit at first hearing, it is the overindulgence of a passion for display work. Written, as it was, to make an impression in the Rome festival of last spring, it makes, perhaps, a fetish of playability, well meriting the prize it won. Whether the introductory unaccompanied section and the long cadenza at the end of the first movement are assimilated in the structural concept can be clarified only on further hearings.

A very good case for the violin concerto was made by Joseph Fuchs, who played the taxing solo part with strong, finely-centered tone, whistle-clean intonation, and a pervasive sense of knowing what he was about. He had the music on a stand as he performed, but this detracted not at all from the authority and power of his interpretation. The orchestra supported him strongly, guided expertly by Munch. Also heard on this occasion were Honegger's Fifth Symphony, a work which does not make a clear impression on me, and Mozart's "Prague," which does—though not as fussed about and over-interpreted by Munch.

LISA DELLA CASA'S value to the Metropolitan, already considerable, was substantially enhanced by her singing of Butterfly in a recent performance of Puccini's opera. It was the Swiss soprano's first local endeavor in such a role, and showed (after her Eva of this season and her Countess in "Figaro" of last) that she has the makings of a really fine lyric performer in both the German and the Italian repertory. It was, indeed, the most gratifying demonstration of pure singing she has yet given.

What she offered, dramatically, was more the ground plan of a characterization than a characterization itself, for she has yet to assimilate the vocabulary of gesture and movement she employs for the part. However, her grace of movement and beauty of features, combined with a lovely sound, make her an eminently applaudable addition to the Metropolitan's roster of Puccinian sopranos. This was, otherwise, a rather uneventful "Butterfly," with Alberto Erede dreaming of a White Christmas, perhaps, the while tempi lagged and his singers took their own sweet time (though not necessarily Puccini's). Eugene Conley, Frank Valentine, and Mildred Miller were the associated principals.

Pierre Monteux's return to the Metropolitan brought with it a "Faust" of many good musical values, which doubtless would have sounded fine on the radio. In the theatre, however, the attributes that made Jerome Hines a towering Mephistopheles tended to dwarf the romantic pretenses of Jan Peerce, undertaking his first Faust. Peerce applied his customary scholarship and musical resource to the part, and sang it with finesse, also good vocal quality, but, to invert an old German joke, it is hard to make a Faust (fist) out of just a thumb. "Salut, demeure" (taken down a step to G) went well, likewise the Garden Scene with Marguerite (Victoria de los Angeles), but it was all very much on the perimeter of illusion. Hines's effort has gained in ease and suavity under Monteux's direction, which is an abiding joy of itself, whatever the course of other affairs on stage. Better lighting has also improved the appearance of Rolf Gerard's settings.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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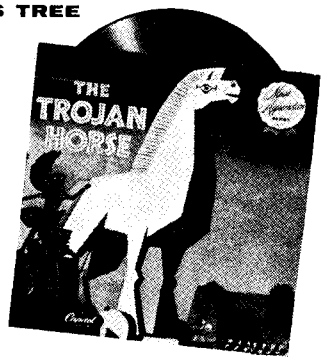


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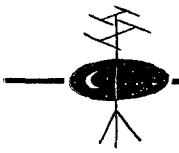

TV AND RADIO

# Let There Be Madison Ave.

THE pioneer's path in TV programming for commemorative events of industrial significance lies open still for some enterprising American business giant. The most recent attempt to enter was made by a group of electric light and power companies on the seventy-fifth anniversary of Thomas A. Edison's invention of the practical incandescent lamp. This group preempted all the national networks for two hours on that occasion, and presented a show called "Light's Diamond Jubilee" to celebrate the date. Here was a fresh opportunity for a leading business institution to succeed where the Ford Fiftieth Anniversary show (last season) failed—namely, in the special department, over and above entertainment, of some reasonably creative and significant commentary on American life and times related to the institution's origin and evolution.

The jubilee program addressed itself rather directly to this objective, far more so than did the Ford show; yet regrettably, in this reviewer's opinion, it achieved considerably less by its frontal attack than its predecessor accomplished by indirection. If American industry's capacity in this sector of anniversary broadcasting is to be judged solely by these two big-timers thus far introduced in evidence, this conclusion suggests itself: the companies are either derelict in a province where their power and influence on the national scene should confer upon them certain clear responsibilities; or else they are, out of timidity or ignorance, hewing slavishly to pharisaical rules and rituals.

Where the Ford Company last year turned to Madison Avenue and Broadway for creative leadership, the light industry this year elected to go west to Hollywood and David O. Selznick, the motion-picture producer, whose white clapboard colonial studio sign has graced the opening footage of many an Americana film, most notably, "Gone With the Wind." True, Mr. Selznick, in this, his TV debut, turned first and foremost to the creatively eclectic Ben Hecht, who, apparently, did the chief writing. He, in turn, leaned upon three literary talents, John Steinbeck, Irwin Shaw, and Max Shulman.

Hollywood has done excellent fiction stories with a documentary flavor. Walt Disney's nature documentaries are vivid and effective. But here was Hollywood without a story-line, in a social-documentary area, with its customary compulsion to "entertain." From his special competence, Mr. Selznick carried over a most welcome speed and precision in cutting which gave the two hours an undeniable pace. For his narrator he chose screen-star Joseph Cotten, whose highly individual, electric style never fails to generate overtones of excitement and implication no matter what he reads. But beyond these two sharp plus signs the result was inevitably a two-hour mulligatawney of self-styled "dramatics, whimsicalities, oratorical flights, etc," without the integrating tension of a single, dominant idea. The effect was a slow roller-coaster of tedium, relieved by a mild chuckle, one good laugh, and a moment of fair sentiment. The rest was pious, patriotic, chauvinistic superficiality, without the agreeable spice of conventional Hollywood activism, naturalism, and Vista-vision.

The program began, West-Coast fashion, with interminable credits down to the last hairdresser; then it got down to business. Business No. 1 was Scripture: this was a show about light; naturally, it had to begin with Genesis 1:3 ("And God said, Let there be light: and there was light"). This perfunctory acknowledgment out of the way, the program announced its main drive—namely, a salute to the American individual. Although it was never so verbalized, the goal seemed to be a sort of compendium of the seven ages of American man. Tom Sawyer, shrewd little promoter, spoke for boyhood in the whitewash-the-fence scene from an old film. Robert Benchley (via an always funny short-subject on the "Care and Handling of Infants") seemed to be the spokesman for the Dr. Spock legions.

Eddie Fisher sang sweetly of Sigma Chi at a college prom, and that took care of the age devoted to the great ideas. For young manhood there was an Air Force cadet who bet ten dollars he could strike up a conversation with a svelte blonde in a midget sportscar, who had a little son whose daddy was a flyer who had been killed and the widow kissed the cadet in full view of his three pals so he could win his bet and then she drove away in her midget sportscar, leaving young America solemn in the presence of beautiful, tragic womanhood. Young marriage was there, of course, in its most important aspect—sex. David Niven, a first-rate actor (who should about now begin to protest against always being cast as a sophisticated wolf), explained patiently to his fretful wife, Lauren Bacall, how he could be faithful and still admire the girls.

Toward the end of the program there was alleged American autumn, with Helen Hayes and Thomas Mitchell, making a brief, abortive effort to travel and see the world, but ending up on the good, old American hearth, disillusioned, with a windfall earmarked for a houseful of new electric products. And lastly, there was old age, Walter Brennan, on film, in the Steinbeck story of the wagon-train leader who kept reliving the past to the irritation of his son-in-law and the joy of his grandchild. Of the seven keystones this alone had some fitness—for it spoke touchingly of the real frontiers, old and new, those of the mind and the spirit.

AMONG these main stitches, there was plenty of gadgetry, world of tomorrow prophecy, a touch of traditional history, President Eisenhower on zealously guarding our foundation of faith, the White House windows lighting up as a soprano and a chorus sang "Bless This House," and as we came in on creation, so went we out—even the nebulae in the night sky lit up for the industry—a staggering suggestion. Light there is, and ample, in the history of American light and power, light and shade in the trough and the crest of its advance. No deeper than mom's apple pie, however, was the commemorative bite of this "salute." Not a meaningful mention was made of or tribute paid to the thousands of men and women who helped build this business and are today working for this vast, industrial empire. How big a public-relations opportunity can you miss!

Admittedly, these one-time anniversary shows present sharp challenges to production teams that ride, like TV jockeys, astride prodigious investments in time and talent. Sad, indeed, if all their enterprise is to be limited, as in the Ford show, to superb popular entertainment. Sadder yet, however, if in their alleged effort to do some useful "reflecting" on venreable industrial birthdays they produce merely the windier variety of Fourth of July oratory. And how perversely odd a commentary that the most-remembered moment of "Light's Diamond Jubilee"—a spectacular celebration of scientific achievement—should be comedian George Gobel's hilarious, impious, average-man's monologue ribbing the electronic lightning-speed calculator. This satirical laughter echoes—but where is the memory of authentic inspiration—the real story of light's seventy-fifth year?

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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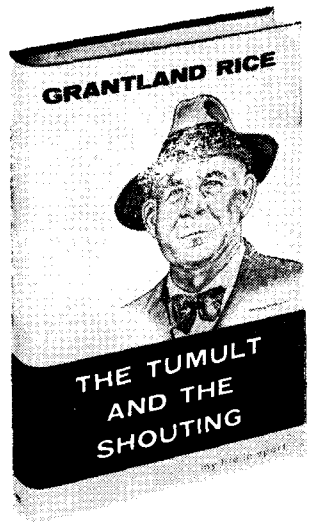


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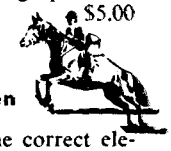

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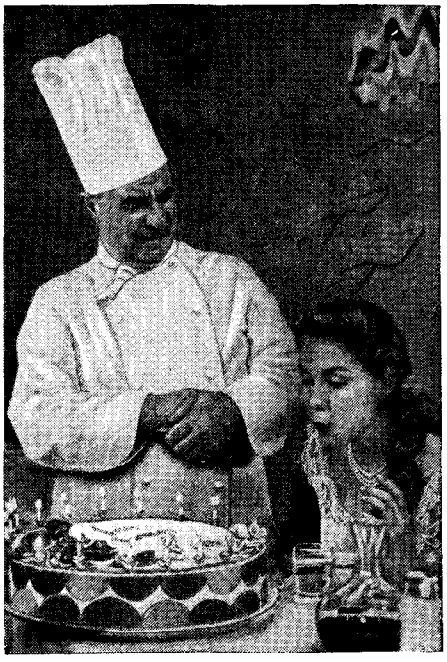
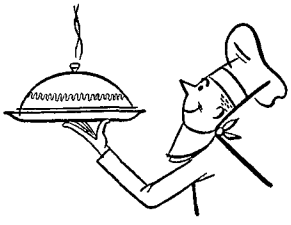


# This man is a Sailor



Instead of a visored cap he wears the towering white hat of a *Chef des Cuisines*. But he's a sailor nevertheless, for it takes great specialists of 'most every sort to man a luxury liner.

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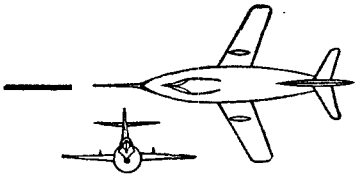

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"MUSH!" The legendary cry of the arctic trailblazers sounded across the Northern skies last week as Scandinavian Airlines sent the first two commercial flights in history across the polar route between America and Europe.

While one plane sped over the Northern path from Europe to America, four husky Pratt and Whitney engines pulled forty passengers—press, politicians, and Walter Pidgeon—from California in the land of the sun to Copenhagen in the land of the smörgasbord in less than a day. It was only a half-century ago that dogsledgers were pioneering the trail I followed last week as we sailed over the ice cap in a DC-6B at 300 MPH, three miles high in the sky.

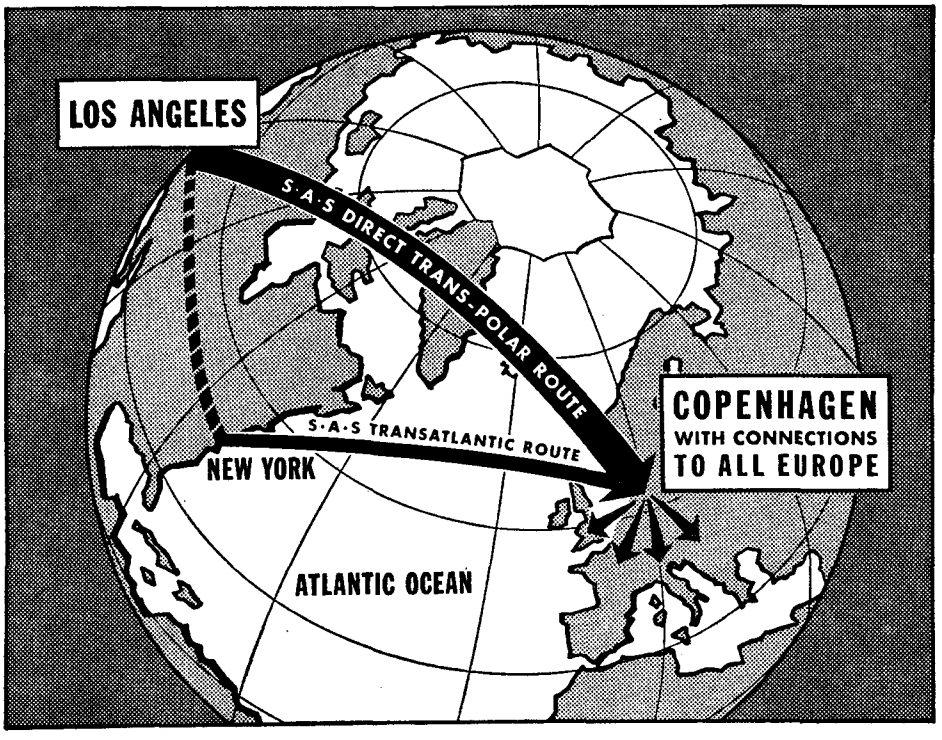
On Sunday afternoon I sat by the pool of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel and watched the mermaids in the seventy-six-degree November sun. A day later I stood before the bronze statue of the Little Mermaid at Copenhagen harbor. We came in three easy stages—about six hours from Los Angeles to Winnipeg, then eight hours from Winnipeg to the U.S. Air Force base at Bluie West 8, Greenland, and another eight hours into Copenhagen.

Aside from the adventure of flying the polar route, Westerners traveling to Europe will save five hours' time, $18, and 535 miles of travel. New DC-7Cs coming in 1956 will provide one-stop service California to Copenhagen in nineteen hours. Today's Arctic explorers can skim above the ice in a fully reclining dormette or sleep in a private berth. —HORACE SUTTON.

★ ★ ★

THIS polar flight between Copenhagen and California culminates four centuries of man's efforts to push aside the Arctic ice floes and find a shorter trade route from one side of the world to the other. As far back as 1587 an Englishman named John Davis got as far as West Greenland. He was followed by Dutchmen, Scandinavians, Italians, by an American named Captain Hall who found "Thank God Harbor," and finally by Peary, who made it to the North Pole in 1906.

Attempts to conquer the northern ice-packs by air date back to 1709, when a Brazilian monk named Gusmao tried to interest King John V of Portugal in Arctic exploration by kite.



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Gusmao and his fanciful project never got airborne, but in 1897 three Scandinavians ascended from Spitsbergen, a Norwegian archipelago, floated for three days, covered 200 miles, and came down on White Island—where they died. Their bodies were found in the summer of 1930.

Reporters aboard the first commercial polar flight this week were interested to hear that an intrepid journalist named Walter Wellman became so enthused over a northern flight that he built a dirigible, and after an unsuccessful try managed, in 1907, to reach a point on the ice pack sixty miles north of Spitsbergen.

If the Russians greet this week's event with the familiar "we-were-there-first" routine they will be referring to a series of flights made by Lieutenant Nagurski of the Russian Army back in 1914, albeit in the days of the Czar. Nagurski made several exploratory flights in the Arctic Ocean, and appears to have been the first man to fly an airplane among the ice packs.

In the Twenties an American naval officer who felt that physical injuries sustained during his sea-going career would retard his advancement resigned the service and became a flyer. His name was Richard Byrd, and on May 9, 1926, he became the first man to fly to the North Pole. Just two days later, hot on Byrd's heels, came the dirigible *Norge*, manned by Nobile, Ellsworth, and Amundsen. The big gas bag floated up from Norway, made Spitsbergen on the Greenland Sea, then headed straight for the North Pole. On the exact top of the world it hovered for two hours, taking scientific readings, then soared on for another 2,200 miles, landing finally in Alaska.

Roald Amundsen's successful dirigible crossing was the culmination of years of heartbreak for the Norwegian explorer. In 1923 a plane he had shipped from Seattle crashed in Alaska and was damaged beyond repair. By 1925 he had acquired two Dornier-Wile seaplanes, and with Lincoln Ellsworth flew from King's Bay, Spitsbergen, heading for the pole. By the time eight hours had passed half the gasoline was gone and both planes landed. One was abandoned to provide enough gasoline for the other. A runway was chopped out of the ice and, after several trial runs had nearly ended in disaster, the big seaplane rose with all hands and made it back to Spitsbergen. Amundsen later disappeared while searching for Nobile, who was on his way back from the North Pole on another excursion.

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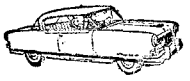

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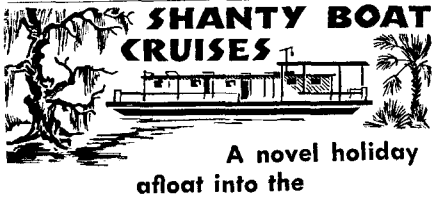

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# Santa's Book Bag

*Continued from page 20*

Hadrian and of his climb to the throne, of his smothering love for the youth Antinous, of his fabulous career of monument building, and of various other events in his life.

*HE WHO RIDES A TIGER. By Bhabani Bhattacharya. Crown.* $3.
The story of a colossal hoax perpetrated by a low-born blacksmith on the people of Bengal during the last war that offers biting criticism of the caste system.

*HESTER LILLY AND TWELVE SHORT STORIES. By Elizabeth Taylor. Viking.* $3.
A baker's dozen of stories and sketches by an English writer known for her skilled and intelligent craftsmanship.

*HIGH WATER. By Richard Bissell. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
Amusing incident and salty dialogue about a group of modern steamboatmen shepherding eight coal barges up the Mississippi.

*THE HUGE SEASON. By Wright Morris. Viking Press.* $3.75.
A story of four members of the Lost Generation of the Twenties, Thirties, and early Forties, and their groping progress into the Age of the Atom.

*JONATHAN BLAIR: BOUNTY LANDS LAWYER. By William Donohue Ellis. World Publishing Co.* $4.95.
Continuing the story, begun in "The Bounty Lands," of Ohio when it was frontier country and its growing pains during the era after the War of 1812.

*THE JOURNAL OF EDWIN CARP. By Richard Haydn. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
Part of the forty-second year of life of a Britisher one part Caspar Milquetoast, one part Walter Mitty, and several parts human male.

*KATHERINE. By Anya Seton. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95.
A novel about Katherine Swynford, who as a girl made Chaucer's pilgrimage to Canterbury and in time became the ancestress of every English monarch from Edward IV to Elizabeth II.

*THE LAST HUNT. By Milton Lott. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95.
That brutal chapter of our history in which the hunters wiped out the buffalo and revolutionized the West.

*THE LEATHERSTOCKING SAGA. By James Fenimore Cooper. Edited by Allan Nevins. Pantheon Books.* $8.50.
In one volume "the fluid story," without extraneous descriptions and episodes, of "The Deerslayer," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Pathfinder," "The Pioneers," and "The Prairie."

*LEOPARDS AND LILIES. By Alfred Duggan. Coward-McCann.* $3.50.
The story of the rise and fall of a thirteenth-century Englishwoman as seen by the eye of a disillusionist and etched with the pen of an ironist.

*THE LONG SHIPS. By Frans G. Bengtsson. Translated by Michael Meyer. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
The adventurous wanderings of Red Orm, one of the Viking marauders of the last years of the first Christian millennium.

*LOVE IS ETERNAL. By Irving Stone. Doubleday.* $3.95.
A biographical novel about Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.

*THE MAN WHO NEVER CHANGED. By John Selby. Rinehart.* $3.50.
The story of a man who made up his mind to become the conductor of a great symphony orchestra—and achieved his goal.

*MARY ANNE. By Daphne DuMaurier. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
Miss DuMaurier here wanders away from the gates of Manderley again and into the past to tell the story of a fireproof maiden who was the Duke of York's mistress during the reign of George III, a wild woman when debedded, and, finally, an exile in France.

*MORE STORIES. By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A second selection of the short tales the great Irish writer wishes to be remembered by.

*MY BROTHER'S KEEPER. By Marcia Davenport. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.95.
The romantic, morbid, and melodramatic explanation of why two handsome and talented young men became eccentric recluses in old age.

*NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS. By Mac Hyman. Random House.* $2.95.
The misadventures of a hillbilly named Will Stockdale, who found himself in Air Force uniform and whose aim (unfortunately for his fellow man) was to please.

*THE RAMAYANA. As retold by Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.
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**FOR SUE:** Let's suppose that Sue is your wife, your sister, your daughter, your cousin—the young or middle-aged woman on your Christmas list. What should you give her? Mary Elisabeth Edes of *The Publishers' Weekly* suggests these titles from the current crop:

LADIES HOME JOURNAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATION. *By Elizabeth T. Halsey. Doubleday.* $6.95.

THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE. *By Lesley Blanch. Simon & Schuster.* $5.

MELBOURNE. *By Lord David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.

MASTERS OF MODERN ART. *Edited by Alfred H. Barr, Jr. Simon & Schuster.* $15.

KATHERINE. *Novel by Anya Seton. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF CHILD CARE AND GUIDANCE. *Edited by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. Doubleday.* $7.50.

ALWAYS IN VOGUE. *By Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase. Doubleday.* $5.

MADELEINE—YOUNG WIFE. *By Mrs. Robert Henrey. E. P. Dutton.* $4.

THE TASTEMAKERS. *By Russell Lynes. Harper.* $5.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS MCGINLEY. *By Phyllis McGinley. Viking Press.* $3.

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version, of the legend of Prince Rama, an Indian tale that was first set down some 2,500 years ago.

*ROMAN WALL. By Bryher. Pantheon Books.* $2.75.
A new historical novel, by a writer who spirits her accuracy with a poetical grasp of language, about the attacks the Alemanni made on the Roman frontier in Helvetia (Switzerland) in the third century A.D.

*TACTICAL EXERCISE. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown.* $3.75.
A collection of twelve short satirical pieces, written as long ago as when the famous novelist-satirist was seven and as recently as last year.

*THE TEMPTATION OF ROGER HERIOTT. By Edward Newhouse. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.
A skilful and perceptive reworking of the theme that the want of money is the root of all evil.

*A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE. By Erich Maria Remarque. Translated by Denver Lindley. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.95.
The story of young Private Graeber, German soldier in World War II.

*THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD. By Hamilton Basso. Doubleday.* $3.95.
An account of the return of a figure in the Manhattan literary world to the Southern town of his birth provides its author with an opportunity to compare two curious civilizations.

## Contemporary Problems

*THE AGE OF CONFORMITY. By Alan Valentine Henry Regnery Co.* $3.
A brickbat at the slough of mediocrity into which the country has fallen, ranging from our worship of machines to the salesman's criterion of art. Mr. Valentine pleads for some absolute—instead of salable—standards.

*AN AMERICAN IN INDIA. By J. Saunders Redding. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
The experiences and opinions of an American Negro's mission to India under State Department auspices and of the peculiar opportunities he had to ferret out from Indian leaders *their* political opinions.

*BLACK POWER. By Richard Wright. Harper & Bros.* $4.
An intensely personal look at the troubles of Africa's Gold Coast and the author's fascinations, revulsions, doubts, and convictions, all brought back by Mr. Wright after a trip he took there.

*CALL TO GREATNESS. By Adlai E. Stevenson. Harper.* $2.25.
In book form the three Godkin Lectures the 1952 Democratic Presidential nominee delivered at Harvard last March.

*A DANGEROUS FREEDOM. By Bradford Smith. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.95.
Mr. Smith, who wrote "Bradford of Plymouth" a little while back, feels that what we are really trying to let loose in this country is the proposition that all men may associate voluntarily—a human situation that he finds tremendously invigorating, and one which he traces since we began building it in the early eighteenth century.

*FAITH AND FREEDOM. By Barbara Ward. W. W. Norton.* $3.75.
A balance sheet by which the good that Western civilization has brought to the world may be measured against the evil, with eye-opening results.

*FIFTY YEARS IN CHINA. By John Leighton Stuart. Random House.* $5.
The autobiography of a man who, as a missionary, diplomat, and scholar, has spent the great part of the past fifty years in China. Mr. Stuart, besides telling his life story here, makes it plain that he is firmly behind the Nationalists, and says our vacillations caused the collapse before the Communists of Chiang's Government.

*IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE. By Trygve Lie. Macmillan.* $6.
A personal report by the first Secretary General of the United Nations of the first seven years of that organization's work.

*IT'S YOUR LAW. By Charles P. Curtis. Harvard University Press.* $3.75.
A kind of discussion of American law, by an able lawyer and writer from Boston, designed for other lawyers, as well as you, gentle reader.

*JUST HALF A WORLD AWAY. By Jean Lyon. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $5.
An intimate look at modern India, based on recent travels through that country by an American journalist.

*THE LIMITS OF FOREIGN POLICY. By Charles Burton Marshall. Henry Holt.* $3.
The conclusion of a former member of the State Department Planning Staff: we Americans cannot control international relations, can at best merely affect them.

*THE MEASURE OF MAN. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
Mr. Krutch's second survey of the state of our culture. "The Modern Temper," published some twenty-five years ago, was the first.

*THE MIND ALIVE. By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. W. W. Norton.* $3.75.
Continuing the authors' inquiry, begun in "The Mature Mind" and "Understanding Ourselves," into the question of meeting emotional problems with adult behavior.

*A PHILOSOPHY OF OUR TIME. By Bernard M. Baruch. Simon & Schuster.* $1.75.
First given as four talks at the City College of New York, here is some of the advice and sagacity the Old Man has been dispensing practically since the Republic was founded.

*POWER AND POLICY: U.S. FOREIGN POLICY AND MILITARY POWER IN THE HYDROGEN AGE. By Thomas K. Finletter. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.
The grim warnings and urgent prescriptions of the U. S. Secretary of Air during the Truman Administration.

*A PROGRAM FOR CONSERVATIVES. By Russell Kirk. Henry Regnery.* $4.
An intellectual rejection of liberalism and a chart for action, spiritual as well as political.

*REALITIES OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By George F. Kennan. Princeton University Press.* $2.75.
Four lectures given at Princeton: a veteran American diplomat's analysis of our position in the world today.

*ROAD TO THE RIGHT. By Gordon Harrison. William Morrow.* $4.50.
An analysis of the tradition and the potentialities of conservatism in America.

*THERE IS NO ASIA. By Dwight Cooke. Doubleday & Co.* $4.
A report, by the radioman and correspondent whose programs keep a lot of ears wagging long after bedtime, on Asia, country by country, a method of particularization the author believes should be adopted more widely by Government policy makers, who, he says, tend always to treat Asia as though it were one smiling nation, instead of a crimple of different races, creeds, and colors.

*THROUGH MALAN'S AFRICA. By Robert St. John. Doubleday.* $3.95.
An American journalist's report on conditions in the Union of South Africa today.

*THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CAPITALIST REVOLUTION. By Adolf A. Berle, Jr. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.
A study of the growth of capitalism from the hammock days of simple old *laissez-faire* to the present of towering, muscled corporations. Mr. Berle, who is a distinguished corporation lawyer and teacher, believes, in view of the fact that our present economy is affecting the whole world, that it is time we realized this and set in motion some proper rules for the guidance of such a system.

## Belles-Lettres

*A CLERK OF OXENFORD. By Gilbert Highet. Oxford University Press.* $3.75.
Between covers a number of the talks on books and other literary matters the Columbia professor gives on his weekly radio program.

*DANTE ALIGHIERI: THE INFERNO. Translated by John Ciardi. Rutgers University Press. Clothbound,* $4.50. *New American Library. Paperbound.* 50¢.
A new rendering into English, by a talented American poet, of the Italian classic.

*EMILY DICKINSON—A REVELATION. By Millicent Todd Bingham. Harper.* $3.
Mrs. Bingham uses a packet of heretofore unpublished letters to illuminate the relationship of the poet with Judge Otis Phillips Lord.

*THE GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS. Edited by Gordon S. Haight. 3 vols. Oxford University Press.* $20 *the set.*
The first half of a work that will offer nearly two thousand letters by and about the great Victorian novelist who is just now coming again to be widely appreciated.

*THE GOLDEN HORIZON. Edited by Cyril Connolly. British Book Centre.* $5.50.
An anthology of some of the better things published in Britain's late and lamented literary monthly, *Horizon,* chosen by its editor.

*THE LITERARY SITUATION. By Malcolm Cowley. Viking Press.* $3.75.
An analysis of the present condition of the writer, artistic, economic, and psychological, by a Dutch uncle of the American literary world.

*MR. MAUGHAM HIMSELF. Edited by John Beecroft. Doubleday & Co.* $5.95.
A quilting bee, composed of selections from the Old Party's stories, essays, autobiographical writings, and novels, through which the editor has attempted to bring forth, from the mists of so many years of words, the personality and mind of Mr. Maugham himself.

*PLAIN WORDS: THEIR ABC. By Sir Ernest Gowers. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50.
A handy guide to our language useful to every man faced with the task of framing a letter or a speech.

*THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. Edited and translated by Robert Sage. Doubleday & Co.* $7.50.
A diary kept between the years 1801 and 1814 by Henri Beyle, in which he wrote of his first visit to Italy and his first besiegings of Paris, where he wished to become a citizen of the first rank and at the same time a handy dandy with the ladies.

*QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions,* $3.50.
A prose, not poetry, collection of the master, including "A Child's Christmas in Wales," "A Visit to America," and other essays, stories, and autobiographical sketches.

*THE SATURDAY EVENING POST TREASURY. Edited by Roger Butterfield, and the staff of the magazine. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
A great deal of rummaging in *The Saturday Evening Post*'s attic has brought forth this heroic collection, which contains thirty-six stories, twenty-five articles, twelve poems, thirty-two pages in full color of *Post* covers, and ninety-nine line drawings. Some of those present are Poe, Crane, Marquand, Wolfe, Millay, Nash, McGinley, London, Owen Johnson, and Edith Wharton.

*SCENES AND PORTRAITS. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $4.50.
The first volume of a mellow critic's autobiography. In it, Mr. Brooks tells us of his well-cushioned childhood in New Jersey, of the days at Harvard, where he met Maxwell Perkins, and of the frequent transatlantic trips in the company of that gentleman, and of people like John Hall Wheelock, Ned Sheldon, etc.

*SELECTED ESSAYS OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS. By William Carlos Williams. Random House.* $4.50.
The poet of Paterson, New Jersey, has set down a few evaluations of the works of Joyce, Lorca, Stieglitz, Robert Lowell, and others.

*SUNSET AND EVENING STAR. By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan.* $4.75.
The latest panel in the autobiography of the Irish playwright who gave the English-speaking stage such classics as "Juno and the Paycock" and "Plough and the Stars."

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*A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT SPEECHES. Edited by Houston Peterson. Simon & Schuster.* $7.50.
A big collection of some of the most luminous gases that have ever reached the ionosphere. Included are the words of such as Moses, Cato, Julius Caesar, Cicero, Patrick Henry, Alexander Hamilton, Danton, Robespierre, John Brown, Jefferson Davis, and President Eisenhower's Inaugural Speech.

*THE WOMAN WITHIN. By Ellen Glasgow. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $5.
A posthumously published companion piece to her "A Certain Measure"; a little less of her literary life and a little more of her personal one.

*YOUTH'S COMPANION. Edited by Lovell Thompson. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.
An anthology of some of the good things that appeared in the famous magazine for young people during its more than a century of life.

## Faraway Places

*THE AGE OF MOUNTAINEERING. By James Ramsey Ullman. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $6.
The author of "The White Tower" writes a history of the techniques and achievements in mountain climbing, going as far back as Saussure in 1776, the first climber to conquer Mt. Blanc.

*FOUR CONTINENTS. By Osbert Sitwell. Harper & Bros.* $4.
A volume of rambling observations on life as seen by a distinguished literary artist from a hotel in Amalfi and from other spots in the Old World and New.

*FROM AN ANTIQUE LAND. By Julian Huxley. Crown Publishers.* $6.
Mr. Huxley makes use of his scientific know-how to inquire into the ancient and modern civilization of the Middle East and to share his experiences with his readers and to express some opinions about all this.

*THE SACRED FOREST. By Pierre D. Gaisseau. Translated by Stephen Becker. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.75.
An account of a recent trip into the jungles of French Guinea by four Frenchmen, who took along cameras and a recording machine, and have brought back some of the sights and sounds of one of that region's most primitive tribes.

*SEVEN DAYS TO LOMALAND. By Esther S. Warner. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
An American woman's report of her trip

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**FOR JACK:** Here are eleven books which Jack—your son, husband, brother, or cousin—might enjoy for Christmas, suggested by Maurice Dolbier, book editor of the *Providence* (Rhode Island) *Journal*:

THE STORY OF MAN. *By Carleton Coon. Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.75.

THE BOOK OF THE SEA. *Edited by A. C. Spectorsky. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $10.

POEMS. 1923-1954. *By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace.* $6.75.

BEYOND THE HUNDREDTH MERIDIAN. *By Wallace Stegner. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.

IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE. *By Trygve Lie. Macmillan.* $6.

THE RAMAYANA. *Novel as retold by Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.

MELBOURNE. *By Lord David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.

THE BENCHLEY ROUNDUP. *Edited by Nathaniel Benchley. Harper.* $3.50.

GREAT RIVER. *By Paul Horgan. Rinehart. 2 Vols.* $10.

THE LONG SHIPS. *Novel by Franz G. Bengtsson. Translated by Michael Meyer. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.

THE WHISPER IN THE GLOOM. *Mystery by Nicholas Blake. Harper.* $2.75.


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## Philosophy and Religion

*DIALOGUES OF ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD. Recorded by Lucien Price. Little, Brown.* $5.
A volume of conversations overheard at the home of the distinguished Harvard mathematician-philosopher during the last and most fruitful years of his life.

*JESUS AND HIS TIMES. By Daniel-Rops. Translated by Rudy Millar. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $5.
A biography of Jesus and of His times, by the eminent French Catholic theologian. For this American edition of the book the King James version of the Bible is substituted, where necessary in the text, for the author's original Douay translation.

*THE MANNER IS ORDINARY. By John LaFarge. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.75.
The autobiography of a Roman Catholic American who has served with distinction in the Society of Jesus.

*THIS I BELIEVE: II. Edited by Edward R. Murrow. Simon and Schuster. Paperbound,* $1. *Clothbound,* $3.
A second collection of pocket-size credos by some of our larger figures. Included are messages from Bevan, Leonard Bernstein, Edith Hamilton, Norbert Weiner, Alfred Noyes, Carl Sandburg, Ralph Bunche, and other such inspirators.

## Science and Nature

*ANIMALS, MEN, AND MYTHS. By Richard Lewinsohn. Harper.* $5.
A survey of the history of the human race and its interrelationship with animals.

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**FOR AUNT EMMA:** Everyone's list has an Aunt Emma on it, an older woman who would welcome a book for Christmas. Evangeline Davis of the Greensboro, North Carolina, *Daily News*, has drawn up a list of books which she believes would delight her. Mrs. Davis wants it understood that the author of one of her selections, "They Called Him Stonewall," is her husband.

THE DOLLMAKER. *Novel by Harriette Arnow. Macmillan.* $5.

THE TASTEMAKERS. *By Russell Lynes. Harper.* $5.

MY SEVERAL WORLDS. *By Pearl Buck. John Day.* $5.

THE STORY OF MAN. *By Carleton Coon. Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.75.

THE PRIVATE DIARIES OF STENDHAL. *Edited and translated by Robert Sage. Doubleday.* $7.50.

THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS McGINLEY. *By Phyllis McGinley. Viking Press.* $3.

AROUND A RUSTY GOD. *Novel by Augusta Walker. Dial Press.* $3.

ROMAN WALL. *Novel by Bryher. Pantheon Books.* $2.75.

THEY CALLED HIM STONEWALL. *By Burke Davis. Rinehart.* $5.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. *By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace.* $7.50.

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*BACK OF HISTORY. By William Howells. Doubleday & Co.* $5.
A warm, leisurely history that runs from man's raw-meat beginnings to his present as the oddest creature in the world.

*THE BOOK OF THE SEA. Edited by A. C. Spectorsky. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $10.
A bounding collection of excerpts about the sea from practically every writer who has ever lived—under the sea, on the sea, over the sea, near the sea, thoughts on the sea, sea storms, etc., are all covered. The writers include T. S. Eliot, Conrad, Thoreau, Henry Beston, Thor Heyerdahl, Beebe, Cousteau, Boswell, and thousands more. Two hundred photographs and line drawings.

*DESIGN OF THE UNIVERSE: The Heavens and the Earth. By Fritz Kahn. Crown Publishers.* $5.
This is how the world began, at five o'clock in the morning, and what its relation—astronomically, physically, and geologically—is to those other worlds out there. For the layman.

*THE DRAMA OF ALBERT EINSTEIN. By Antonina Vallentin. Translated by Moura Budberg. Doubleday.* $3.95.
A full-length portrait of one of the great men of our times, written by a friend.

*THE EAGLE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE SERPENT. By Miguel Covarrubias. Alfred A. Knopf.* $15.
A gigantic survey of the art of the Indians of the North American continent. There are twelve pages in full color, as well as 200 photographs and drawings.

*EXPLAINING THE ATOM. By Selig Hecht. Viking Press.* $3.75.
A new edition, revised by Dr. Eugene Rabinowitch, of a highly popular guide on atoms and such first published in 1947.

*OF WHALES AND MEN. By R. B. Robertson. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
A buoyant, smelly, witty, new-eyed view of the modern whaling industry as it operates in the southern oceans, by a practising English doctor who went along for a vacation and because he was curious. The time is eight months out of 1950.

*SONG OF THE SKY. By Guy Murchie. Houghton Mifflin.* $5.
A blimplike treatment of the sky around us which still keeps one foot planted firmly on such weighty technical matters as meteorology and aerodynamics and with the other foot steps into ethereal no-man's land, together with some history, some personal experience, and some imagination.

*THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS AND OTHER NONSENSE. By Bergen Evans. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
Continuing, in lighthearted fashion, the deflation of widely held myths that its author began in "The Natural History of Nonsense."

*THE STORY OF MAN. By Carleton S. Coon. Alfred A. Knopf.* $6.75.
In one large volume, the whole story of *Homo sap* from his first appearance on the globe to the present moment.

*THE WILDERNESS WORLD OF JOHN MUIR. Edited by Edwin Way Teale. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $4.50.
Selections of the Scotch-American naturalist's writings, full of bird and bee and grasshopper delights, plus some bridging of gaps in the author's life by the editor.

## Humor

*THE BENCHLEY ROUNDUP. Edited by Nathaniel Benchley. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
Manna directly from above, this is a collection of about ninety pieces written by one of the great masters of fun between the years 1915 and 1945. There is a foreword by a son, who, in his own right, is turning into a relishable humorist.

*DOWN WITH SKOOL! By Geoffrey Willans and Ronald Searle. Vanguard Press.* $2.50.
More of Mr. Searle's jagged, frequently not-so-funny, drawings of life in the English school system. The text is by Geoffrey Willans, and the protagonist a boy named Nigel Moesworth, who is the hot thorn in the side of St. Custard's.

*AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MODERN AMERICAN HUMOR. Edited by Bennett Cerf. Hanover House.* $3.95.
A collection of some of the funniest writing that has been done in this country in the past eighty or so years. Included are great humorists like Ring Lardner, Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, E. B. White, Dorothy Parker, H. Allen Smith, James Thurber, Robert Benchley, Phyllis McGinley, and Wolcott Gibbs.

*THE FEMALE APPROACH. By Ronald Searle. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A collection of cartoons by Mr. Searle, English, whose nervous drawings deal with women, and especially with that awful country which he originated—St. Trinian's ghoul for girls.

*LIFE WITH GROUCHO. By Arthur Marx. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
An account of the life and times of one of the most amusing entertainers on television.

*TREADMILL TO OBLIVION. By Fred Allen. Little, Brown.* $4.
An apologia *pro sua vita* of possibly the funniest man in the history of radio.

## History

*THE AGE OF EXTRAVAGANCE. Edited by Mary Elisabeth Edes and Dudley Frasier. Rinehart & Co.* $5.
A scrutiny, through selections from the writings of such as Maugham, Cecil Beaton, H. S. Canby, V. Sackville-West, V. Woolf, Saki, Edith Wharton, and Sir Osbert Sitwell, of those larky, hallowed years here and abroad between 1900 and 1914, a year in which the world grew older.

*MEN, WOMEN AND PIANOS. By Arthur Loesser. Simon & Schuster.* $6.50.
A kind of social history of the piano, which begins when that instrument roared away at and cowed such delicate sisters as the harpsichord and clavichord and ends in the present where the 88, as it is called in some circles, is used as an instrument, and not, as it was some fifty years back, as a cupid, an ornament, an elephant of beauty, a symbol of *kultur*.

*THE REASON WHY. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. McGraw-Hill.* $4.
A skilled literary artist's examination of the personalities and the factors that made a disaster of the Light Brigade's famous charge.

*THE STORY OF OUR CIVILIZATION. By Philip Lee Ralph. E. P. Dutton.* $3.75.
A short, interpretative account of our Western heritage.

*STRATEGY. By B. H. Liddell Hart. Frederick A. Praeger.* $5.95.
A backward glance at all military history, and especially that of World War II, which may well be the *chef d'oeuvre* of the most stimulating military critic of our time.

*A STUDY OF HISTORY. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. Vols. VII-X.* $35.
The four latest volumes of Dr. Toynbee's monumental series. The subjects of the sections which make up these newest volumes are: Universal States, Universal Churches, Heroic Ages, Contacts Between Civilizations in Space—In Time, Law and Freedom in History, The Prospects of the Western Civilization, and The Inspiration of Historians.

## Poetry

*A BOWL OF BISHOP: MUSEUM THOUGHTS AND OTHER VERSES. By Morris Bishop. Dial Press.* $3.
A new collection of light verse, much of which has appeared in the magazines, from the pen of Cornell's witty professor of French.

*COLLECTED POEMS. By Wallace Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf.* $7.50.
The collected works, at long last, of one of the best, if more difficult, poets now writing in the English language. The book is timed as a commemoration of the poet's seventy-fifth birthday.

*THE FABLES OF LA FONTAINE. Translated by Marianne Moore. Viking Press.* $5.
A rendering into English by a distinguished American poet of the whole twelve books of the great French fabulist.

*THE LOVE LETTERS OF PHYLLIS McGINLEY. By Phyllis McGinley. Viking Press.* $3.
The latest work of one of the brightest practitioners of the art of light verse.

*ODDS WITHOUT ENDS. By David McCord. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
Mr. McCord, who has grown tired, like many of us, of prefixes, here gives us some new verses in which, for instance, an inept person who is not, is ept. Also included are other tricklydiddles with the value and weights of words.

*POEMS: 1923-1954. By E. E. Cummings. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $6.75.
A revised edition of Mr. Cummings's col-

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lected poems, complete with Buffalo Bill and the moon an angry candy.

*UNDER MILK WOOD. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions.* $3.

The late Welsh bard's verse play, written especially for radio performance, is now available in book form.

## Personal History

*ATOMS IN THE FAMILY. By Laura Fermi. University of Chicago Press.* $4.

A wife's-eye-view of Enrico Fermi, the physicist who made fundamental contributions to the invention of the atomic bomb.

*ALWAYS IN VOGUE. By Edna Woolman Chase and Ilka Chase. Doubleday & Co.* $5.

An autobiography, not of Ilka, but of her mother, editor of *Vogue* for a good part of this century, who had a lot to do about the queer weather of women's fashions.

*A BLESSED GIRL. By Lady Emily Lutyens. J. B. Lippincott.* $4.

The correspondence of a very young Victorian lady with a charming clergyman fifty-eight years her senior.

*FUTURE INDEFINITE. By Noel Coward. Doubleday.* $4.50.

The second volume of the autobiography of one of the century's most popular playwrights and entertainers, emphasizing his activities during World War II.

*HE WAS NOT MY SON. By Madeleine Joye. Translated by Michael Scott. Rinehart.* $3.

In this curious diary, by a young Swiss woman, we are told the story of how she discovered, seven years after their birth, that one of the supposed twins she had brought home from the hospital was not hers, and of how she found the other twin, who turned up as a classmate of her son's.

*THE INVISIBLE WRITING. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co.* $5.

A somewhat nerve-wrecking account of one of the subjects on which Mr. Koestler is extremely prolific—his nine years in the darkness of the ideals of you-know-what.

*THE LIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL. By Michael St. John Packe. The Macmillan Co.* $6.50.

A biography of J. S. Mill, who was used as a kind of educational test tube by his father and Jeremy Bentham when he was young, and who grew to be one of the great clear-thinkers of all time.

*MADELEINE—YOUNG WIFE. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. E. P. Dutton.* $4.

Continuing the autobiography begun in "Little Madeleine" and continued in "Madeleine Grown Up." The present volume tells of her life as a young matron in wartime France and England.

*MANY A GOOD CRUSADE. By Virginia Gildersleeve. Macmillan.* $3.50.

The autobiography of the woman who served as dean of Barnard College for nearly four decades, was active in international education, and a moving spirit in the WAVES during World War II.

*MELBOURNE. By Lord David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.

A biography of Victoria's first and (next to Disraeli) most fascinating Prime Minister.

*THE MEMOIRS OF AGA KHAN—WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME. By His Highness the Aga Khan. Simon & Schuster.* $6.

The autobiography of the international figure who is the spiritual leader of millions throughout the Islamic world.

*MY SEVERAL WORLDS. By Pearl Buck. John Day.* $5.

The autobiography of an American woman, reared in China, who won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

*THE OLD SCHOOL TIE. By Arthur Tuckerman. Macmillan.* $3.50.

A nostalgic recapture of the boyhood years its American-born author spent, before World War I, in England and on the Continent.

*R.S.V.P.: ELSA MAXWELL'S OWN STORY. By Elsa Maxwell. Little, Brown.* $5.

The memoir of the court jester of the International Set.

*SATCHMO: My Life in New Orleans. By Louis Armstrong. Prentice-Hall.* $3.50.

The great Satchmo lets us all in on his boyhood in New Orleans, his somewhat frightening beginnings, and how he tooted his way to glory.

*SHOCKING LIFE. By Elsa Schiaparelli. E. P. Dutton.* $4.

The autobiography of one of the most celebrated Paris dress designers.

*TELL FREEDOM. By Peter Abrahams. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.

The personal history of a sensitive Negro.

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**FOR UNCLE BILL:** We asked Thomas B. Sherman, book editor of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*, what books he would suggest for "Uncle Bill," the middle-aged or older male whose name appears on every family's list. Here are his suggestions:

GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE. *Novel by Frances Gray Patton. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75.

THE RAMAYANA. *Novel as retold by Aubrey Menen. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $3.50.

THE ESCAPE OF SOCRATES. *Novel by Robert Pick. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.95.

A FABLE. *Novel by William Faulkner. Random House.* $4.75.

POWER AND POLICY. *By Thomas K. Finletter. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.

SUNSET AND EVENING STAR. *By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan.* $4.75.

THE WORCESTER ACCOUNT. *By S. N. Behrman. Random House.* $3.50.

CALL TO GREATNESS. *By Adlai E. Stevenson. Harper.* $2.25.

THE FLINT ANCHOR. *Novel by Sylvia Townsend Warner. Viking Press.* $3.75.

THE INVISIBLE WRITING. *By Arthur Koestler. Macmillan.* $5.

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## CASSELL'S ENCYCLOPAEDIA OF WORLD LITERATURE

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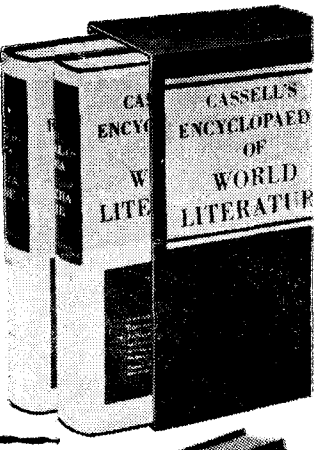


## A MILITARY HISTORY OF THE WESTERN WORLD:

**From the Earliest Times to the Battle of Lepanto**

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This superb new work traces the impact of wars and decisive battles on the rise and fall of cultures and on the patterns of human organization. Written in a prose which is Churchillian in its power and narrative sweep, it carries the reader through 3,500 years of recorded warfare with scrupulous accuracy and the excitement of a great novel.

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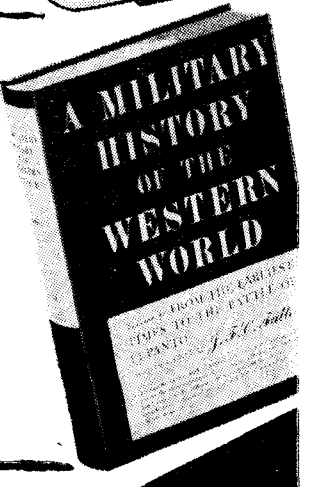


## FUNK & WAGNALLS STANDARD DICTIONARY OF FOLKLORE, MYTHOLOGY, AND LEGEND

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"... the master work, I believe, not merely in its field, as the term is, but in all of the many fields it covers. It seems sad to suggest that with this at hand you won't need Bulfinch any more, or Gayley's 'Classic Myths,' but you won't—at least as quick-reference volumes. And mythology is only one of the areas editor Leach covered."—JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*

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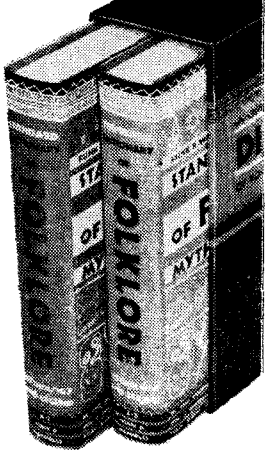


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who grew up to become an important novelist, during the first twenty-one years of his life in South Africa.

*THAT REMINDS ME. By Alben W. Barkley. Doubleday.* $4.50.
An anecdote-filled autobiography of the veteran politician who was recently elected Senator from Kentucky.

*THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. By Grantland Rice. A. S. Barnes.* $5.
Stories about Ty Cobb, Bobby Jones, Babe Ruth, and other sports "greats" told by the late dean of sportswriters.

*THE WILDER SHORES OF LOVE. By Lesley Blanch. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
The lives of four nineteenth-century European ladies, all of whom had one thing in common: wild loves in the exotic East. The ladies: Aimee Dubucq de Rivery, who was cousin to the Empress Josephine; Isabelle Eberhardt, a Slavic mystic; the raffish Lady Ellenborough; and Isabel Burton, wife of "Burton of Arabia."

*THE WORCESTER ACCOUNT. By S. N. Behrman. Random House.* $3.50.
Reminiscences by the well-known playwright of his growing-up on Providence Street, Worcester, Massachusetts, a district inhabited largely by first-generation American Jews.

## For the Home

*THE ART OF EATING. By M. F. K. Fisher. World Publishing Co.* $6.
The collected works, from "Serve It Forth" (1937) to "An Alphabet for Gourmets" (1949), of one of the leading gastronomic experts of this fat age.

*THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF CHILD CARE AND GUIDANCE. Edited by Sidonie Matsner Gruenberg. Doubleday & Co.* $7.50.
A gigantic work, incorporating in its first two-thirds thousands of alphabetical entries info on everything from "splinter" to "smoking," and in its last third a collection of essays on child-raising by such authorities as Barbara Biber, Margaret Mead, Benjamin Spock, and Anna Wolf.

*LADIES HOME JOURNAL BOOK OF INTERIOR DECORATING. Edited by Elizabeth T. Halsey and others. Doubleday & Co.* $6.95.
A kaleidoscopic gallery of photos, plans, hints, and such about how to turn your home into a feast of good taste and thrift.

# FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

## Picture Books

*A IS FOR ANNABELLE. By Tasha Tudor. Oxford University Press.* $2.50.
An alphabet book with delicate, old-fashioned pictures for little girls.

*THE ANIMAL FROLIC. By Toba Sojo. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $2.75.
An unusual book made from an ancient Japanese scroll.

## What to Do and How to Do It

*COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS OF THE U.S.A. An Illustrated History of Our Country. By Fred Reinfeld. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $4.50.
A brief historical note gives the reason for each commemorative stamp.

*THE COWBOY'S OWN BRAND BOOK. By Duncan Emrich. Illustrated by Ava Morgan. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $1.50.
The youngest cowboy will delight in this book showing how to make his own brands.

*THE FIRST BOOK OF PHOTOGRAPHY. By John Hoke. With photographs from many sources and drawings by Russel Hamilton. Franklin Watts.* $1.75.
A beginning book for the young photographer. Many illustrations.

*FUN FOR ONE—OR TWO. By Bernice Wells Carlson. Illustrated by Raymond Abel. Abingdon Press.* $2.
Suggestions of many things to entertain a child who must play by himself.

*THE REAL BOOK OF SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS. By Joseph Leeming. Illustrated by Bette J. Davis. Garden City Books.* $1.50.
Simple experiments that can be made with things around the house.

*TABLE TENNIS. Written and illustrated with photographs by William P. Gottlieb. Drawings by Michael Germakian. Alfred A. Knopf.* $1.50.
Instructions for the beginner, well illustrated with diagrams and photographs.

*THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS. Little Things That Make a Big Difference. By Julius Schwartz. Pictures by Jeanne Bendick. Whittlesey House.* $2.50.
How to make simple magnifying glasses, and the wonderful things that can be seen through them.

## For Older Boys and Girls

*BLUE CANYON HORSE. By Ann Nolan Clark. Illustrated by Allan Houser. Viking Press.* $2.75.
This story of an Indian boy's mare is told in rhythmic prose and sensitive pictures.

*BUBO, THE GREAT HORNED OWL. By John L. George and Jean George. Illustrated by Jean George. E. P. Dutton & Co.*
The fascinating account of four years in the life of a great horned owl and his mate.

*THE CAVES OF THE GREAT HUNTERS. By Hans Baumann. Translated by Isabel and Florence McHugh. Pantheon Books.* $3.
The exciting discovery of the prehistoric cave paintings is told in this beautiful book.

*HAUNT FOX. By Jim Kjelgaard. Drawings by Glen Rounds. Holiday House.* $2.50.
The adventures of a boy, a dog, and a six-toed red fox.

*LULU'S WINDOW. By Elisabeth Hubbard Lansing. Illustrated by Grace Paull. Thomas Y. Crowell. Co.* $2.50.
A new girl in town makes friends and discovers a secret.

*MY BROTHER BIRD. By Evelyn Ames. Pictures by William Pène du Bois. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.75.
An unusual story of a family that adopted a pigeon.

*THE WHEEL ON THE SCHOOL. By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Bros.* $2.75.
Storks return to a Dutch village after many years' absence and find the children have readied a home for them.

*WINTER DANGER. By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $2.25.
Outdoor living, Indian attacks, and winter hardships are in this story of Tennessee frontier life in the late eighteenth century.

## Reprints and New Editions of Old Favorites

*LAVENDER'S BLUE. A Book of Nursery Rhymes. Compiled by Kathleen Lines. Pictures by Harold Jones. Franklin Watts.* $6.
A comprehensive collection of nursery rhymes with illustrations that retain the old-fashioned English flavor.

*THE LITTLE MOTHER GOOSE. With numerous illustrations in full color and black-and-white by Jessie Willcox Smith. Dodd, Mead & Co.* $2.75.
Reprint of a beloved edition of Mother Goose.

*MARGUERITE DE ANGELI'S BOOK OF NURSERY AND MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES. Doubleday & Co.* $5.
Another large collection of nursery rhymes illustrated in warm colors and black-and-white.

*THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. By Clement C. Moore. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $1.75.
Reprint of a lovely small book with delicate illustrations that interpret Santa as the "jolly old elf" of the poem.

*THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. By Clement C. Moore. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Garden City Books.* $1.50.
A new edition, tall and colorful, with Santa pictured in the contemporary style.

*NONSENSE SONGS. By Edward Lear. With drawings by L. Leslie Brooks. Frederick Warne & Co.* $3.
Reprint of a favorite book of nonsense poetry.

*SOME MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD OF GREAT RENOWN IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.
Twelve stories of Robin Hood are in this very attractive new edition of a book available for some years only in a school edition.

"I started out as a mere printer's devil."

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**FOR THE JONESES:** One of the nicest ways of saying Merry Christmas to that nice family down the block is with a book that most members will enjoy. We've asked Victor Hass of the *Omaha* (Nebraska) *World Herald* to suggest some titles they'd probably like to receive:

THE VIEW FROM POMPEY'S HEAD. *Novel by Hamilton Basso. Doubleday.* $3.95.

THE WHITE GATE. *By Mary Ellen Chase. W. W. Norton.* $3.

DOWN ON THE FARM. *By Stewart Holbrook. Crown.* $5.

MUSEUM PIECES. *Novel by William Plomer. Noonday Press.* $3.50.

THE LAST HUNT. *Novel by Milton Lott. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95.

AN ALMANAC OF LIBERTY. *By William O. Douglas. Doubleday.* $5.50.

THE DOLLMAKER. *Novel by Harriette Arnow. Macmillan.* $5.

GREAT RIVER. *By Paul Horgan. Rinehart. 2 Vols.* $10.

MELBOURNE. *By Lord David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill.* $5.

A CLERK OF OXENFORD. *By Gilbert Highet. Oxford University Press.* $3.75.

*THE BIRTHDAY. A Merry Tale with Many Pictures. By Hans Fisher. Harcourt, Brace Co.* $3.
The animals give a party for old Lizette, their mistress.

*CINDERELLA OR THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER. A free translation from the French of Charles Perrault. With pictures by Marcia Brown. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.
This favorite fairy story in a new telling with exquisite pictures.

*CIRCUS RUCKUS. By Will and Nicolas. Harcourt, Brace Co.* $2.75.
The spontaneous performance of a boy and his dog almost disrupts the circus.

*THE HAPPY LION. By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House.* $1.95.
The tables are turned when a zoo lion goes to call on his friends in a French village.

*HORTON HEARS A WHO! By Dr. Seuss. Random House.* $2.50.
Another funny episode in the life of Horton the elephant.

*JENNY'S BIRTHDAY BOOK. By Esther Averill. Harper & Bros.* $2.
The little Greenwich Village cat has a birthday party.

*PLENTY TO WATCH. By Mitsu and Taro Yashima. Viking Press.* $2.50.
The variety of life in a Japanese village is captured in simple text and colorful pictures.

*WHEEL ON THE CHIMNEY. By Margaret Wise Brown and Tibor Gergely. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $3.
Vivid color and brief text tell of the southward flight of the storks and their return each spring.

## For Younger Readers

*THE COURAGE OF SARAH NOBLE. By Alice Dalgliesh. Illustrations by Leonard Weisgard. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.
A little girl makes friends with the Indians in the Connecticut wilderness.

*HOLLY IN THE SNOW. Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. William Morrow & Co.* $2.25.
Two little girls are snowbound on a New England farm.

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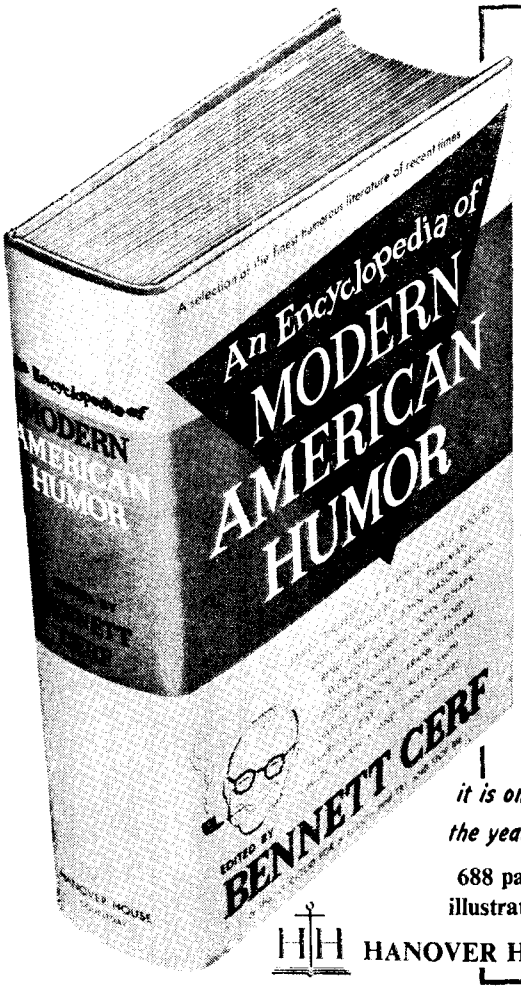


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NEW EDITIONS

# Siècle's Fin *Revived*

OSCAR WILDE's rise to fame and fortune was spectacular, his fall into disgrace and penury was spectacular and scandalous. For a while, at the turn of the century, it seemed that both the man and his writings would be given an indecent burial, and that only whispers would tell posterity the location of their common grave. But the man and the writings refused to remain in the oblivion to which propriety had consigned them. Almost from the first, even as the conspiracy of silence was being formed against them, they began to show powers of survival, and during the years since 1900 Wilde has proved an increasing attraction to biographers, while the best of his prose has never ceased to attract readers and playgoers. How much the latest reading generation knows of his work can only be guessed at, but three books that have just been issued are proof that publishers believe in his continuing appeal. Two of these are Penguin Books, produced for mass consumption, while the third is a fat omnibus. The Penguins are Wilde's "Plays" (65¢) and "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and Other Stories" (50¢). The plays are "The Importance of Being Earnest," "An Ideal Husband," "Lady Windermere's Fan," "A Woman of No Importance," and "Salome"; the most famous of the "other stories" are "The Canterville Ghost," "The Fisherman and His Soul," "The Happy Prince," and "The Portrait of Mr. W. H." The 1,119-page omnibus (Dutton, $4.95) is nothing less than "The Works of Oscar Wilde"—stories, plays, poems, essays, but not the complete version of "De Profundis"—edited with an introduction by G. F. Maine. With these new editions a rising generation of readers can enter Wilde's brightly gaslit Victorian world, abounding in epigrams, unearned incomes, hansom cabs, and handsome footmen; and they may also enter the very different, delightful world of Wilde's fairy-tales.

They will probably find the poems fit only for skipping or skimming. But in "Lord Arthur Savile's Crime" they will read a story that may well have taught John Collier a lesson, and in "The Canterville Ghost" they will find a light-hearted treatment of Henry James's favorite theme—the meeting of the Old World and the New. For the complete "De Profundis"—a far, far different thing from the expurgated text with which we had to be content for so long—they will have to turn to the Philosophical Library edition ($5), edited by Wilde's son, Vyvyan Holland.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" (50¢) has been added to Penguin's growing list of Shaw's plays; for the same series Kenneth Allott has made a selection of Matthew Arnold's poems (65¢), and written a provocative introduction; and still other new Penguins are two great and famous novels—Zola's "Germinal" (85¢), newly translated by L. W. Tancock, and Goncharev's "Oblomov" (85¢), newly translated by David Magarshack.

Mining of a different kind from that so vividly described by Zola lies at the heart of Frank Waters's "Midas of the Rockies" (Alan Swallow, $4), the extraordinary biography of Winfield Scott Stratton, "discoverer of the pot of gold in Pike's Peak." Here is a classic American success story, and one of tragic failure, in which gold, Bourbon, religion, kindness, and cruelty played their parts. But there is no failure, only success of the most amazing, almost unbelievable kind, in an even more remarkable biography—Helen Keller's "The Story of My Life" (Doubleday, $4.95), with a new introduction by Ralph Barton Perry.

THE new edition of G. K. Chesterton's "Autobiography" (Sheed & Ward, $3) makes me wish again that this brilliant writer's autobiographical reticence had not been almost as great as his bulk. The book is so good, as far as it goes, but how much better it would have been had it gone further! What portraits, anecdotes, and arguments the author could have given us, had he so chosen—but he did not so choose. For the kind of writing that made Chesterton famous we must look elsewhere than in his own life story.

William Sloane's "To Walk the Night" (Dodd, Mead, $2.75), a pioneer work in the field of fantastic fiction, remains the best full-length novel of its kind that I know. Anne Brontë's "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall" has been attractively reprinted by the Zodiac Press, and is being distributed in this country by the Grove Press ($3). "Barnaby Rudge" ($3), with an introduction by Kathleen Tillotson, has been added to The New Oxford Illustrated Dickens.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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# Fiction

*Continued from page 30*

Mexicans are stereotypes, and so are a good many of his Texans. His book will not disturb you with the sweep, the sense of history of Mr. Lott's tale, nor leave you with the sense of having met and thoroughly known living human beings. What it provides, honestly and honorably, is action and entertainment. —OLIVER LAFARGE.

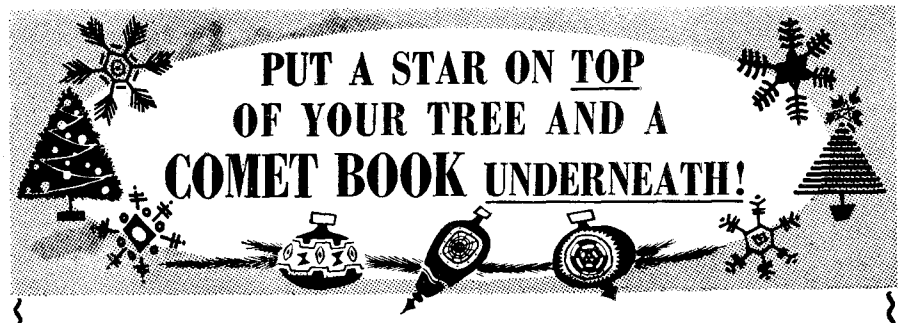
**BRIDGE-BUILDERS:** Far better than the average wartime adventure story is Pierre Boulle's **"The Bridge Over the River Kwai,"** (translated by Xan Fielding; Vanguard, $3). With documented realism and authentic detail, it tells of British prisoners of war in Siam who are forced to build a railroad bridge that will link Bangkok with the Bay of Bengal and thereby advance the Japanese march across Asia. The irony of their task is that its direction and inspiration come from a stubborn British colonel of great courage but of limited imagination, who believes that he is asserting the superiority of Western civilization by constructing an engineering masterpiece.

A more ironic note is added by the independent operations of a British sabotage team parachuted into the jungle to blow up the bridge. The situation is not only rather original, but full of Gallic subtlety, not untainted by the sophisticated despair that M. Sartre has made fashionable.

The central character, Colonel Nicholson, overshadows everyone else in the book. Superbly set down with great sympathy and respect, he is the archetype of much that is admirable in military life. Beaten, degraded, and abused, he refuses to yield to the drunken Japanese commander's order to work alongside the enlisted men as a laborer. Instead of executing Nicholson, the commander more or less turns over the job of building the bridge to him.

But now Nicholson's iron will is turned to the nefarious business of putting an end to the enlisted men's work slow-down, and driving them inexorably to complete the bridge, even when their health has broken down. And of course all the while the unseen enemy, the British sabotage team, moves nearer its target, lays its charges, and waits for the moment when the first train is scheduled to pass over the bridge. The suspense is dreadful.

M. Boulle remains convincing to the last ironic word. He avoids heavy-handed description and details of violence and stays within his limitations,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trying to examine too closely the deeper motivations of his characters. He depends, and I think shrewdly, on his narrative gift to convey a vision of life. —ROBERT MINTON.

**NERVOUS WORLD:** The fancies of William Sansom are a nimble-footed lot, as likely as not to populate deserted English lawns with relatives who have long been dead or to bring prowlers leaping into the bedroom windows of unsuspecting working girls or to leave a character hanging from a terrifying perch and to cut off the story right there and then. All these happenings take place in **"Something Terrible, Something Lovely"** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50), a collection of Mr. Sansom's latest short stories. For his world is a disquieting one, full of little slippings of the mind, little tiltings of reality, and little turnings of scenes into occurrences which come out quite freshly and quite frighteningly, if you like things that way. In one of these offerings a nun is locked in solitary confinement while a diabolical manometer ticks off the decrease in oxygen until she suffocates; in another, two tales, one of a man who had no peace of mind and one of a man who had too much peace of mind, are precisely equated; and the entire burden of a third story is an exact, clinical description of a kiss, almost as if it were being observed under a microscope. All these Mr. Sansom examines in a curiously detached and mathematical manner, and judging from his smiling photograph on the back of the jacket, he is quite pleased with his results, as, indeed, he very probably should be. —JOHN HAVERSTICK.

**SEVEN DOLLS AND A GAMIN:** In **"Love of Seven Dolls"** (Doubleday, $2.50) Paul Gallico spins a charming bit of whimsy about a French waif and some exceedingly human puppets. As a matter of fact, Mr. Gallico's seven dolls have a lot more life in them than many purportedly flesh-and-blood characters who have creaked through recent fiction. Mouche, the wistful gamin in "Love of Seven Dolls," is about to pitch herself into the Seine when her attention is distracted by the wonderful antics of the actors in an outdoor puppet show. Being a girl of fundamental innocence and enthusiasm Mouche communicates her delight to the passersby, who toss more money into the hat than is usual. She forgets her suicidal intention, and takes up with the show, as a kind of participating shill. Thereby hangs a delightful adult fairy tale.

These bare details cannot communicate the thoroughly ingratiating atmosphere with which Mr. Gallico endows his little story. The essence of the tale is the equivocal relationship of Mouche and the troupe. She loves the puppets, each of whom has some warmly human characteristic —and she hates the puppeteer, whose character is devoid of the humanity that enlivens his creations. Mr. Gallico resolves this dilemma in true fairytale fashion. —MARTIN LEVIN.

—*William Bird.*

William Sansom—"nimble-footed fancies."

**CIVIL WAR CHRISTMAS:** The guns of Antietam have been stilled these long years, but our historical novelists have just begun to fight, rubbing salt and then salve into old wounds. Yet another literary skirmish is **"No Tears for Christmas"** (Longmans, Green, $2.25), a bit of Civil War carnage gotten up for Christmastide by Helen Topping Miller. The time is December 1863 and the scene is the old Hunter plantation, deep in the heart of Tennessee, where only the women and children are left on the premises. Mean Union officers commandeer the Hunter place for temporary quarters. They eat the children's pitiful Christmas cake and further embitter the desolate family. But the officers show that they are not immune to the spirit of Christmas, and a Confederate raid proves that even Yankees bleed when wounded. All are drawn together, on Christmas day, in a bond of mutual sympathy, and in tacit agreement with the definition of war which William Tecumseh Sherman made some years later. —M. L.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Henryk Sienkiewicz. 2. Thomas Carlyle. 3. Robert Browning. 4. John Ruskin. 5. F. Marion Crawford. 6. Oscar Wilde. 7. William Ernest Henley. 8. Cardinal John Henry Newman. 9. William Hazlitt. 10. Robert Louis Stevenson.

## Novelist and Christ

*Continued from page* 16

cause he also was too much concerned with judgment? Or was it finally that Manson was too much his own creation? To put it tersely, was Mr. Kennedy humble enough to write of majesty?

Jerome K. Jerome's short story "Passing of the Third Floor Back" (1904) was also much thought of in its time. To a boarding house in London comes a new lodger, who by seeing in his fellow-lodgers virtues concealed from others changes the tenor of their lives, and transforms their petty and quarrelsome community. His voice has a "strange ring of authority" which the author fails to convey through the spoken words. Mr. Jerome nowhere states explicitly that the new lodger is Christ, but whether Christ or Christ-symbol the portrayal is unconvincing. It is nevertheless permissible, rather than to focus attention on a central character, to focus it on those who are influenced by him. We may thus experience awe and reverence when others experience it. But Mr. Jerome confines himself to too external a reporting of interior change. We are not drawn into this experience, and ultimately we are not much impressed by either the effects or their cause.

A play of greater ingenuity and wit but even less conviction was that by John L. Balderston and J. E. Hoare, "Red Planet" (1931). Two British scientists presumably establish communication by radio with Mars, only to receive messages that are paraphrases of the Sermon on the Mount. Convinced that Christ is on Mars, the world is rocked to its foundations: alongside economic upheaval and political chaos, Hope replaces Despair and half the cinemas in America are turned into emergency churches. At length the two scientists learn that their radio Christ is an earth-sent hoax by a disgruntled former colleague, and they blow him and themselves up in their laboratory before anybody else learns of the deception. For their sacrifice they are buried in Westminster Abbey, and the world supposedly continues to live, for a time at least, on its new ration of faith.

The play is a delicious one, employing high wit to mask a sobering lesson. Audiences must have gone away wondering whether to laugh or cry. The power of its radio Christ, however, rests solely in the (presumed) discovery that he is still alive, and in the amazing effects on the world. The miracle of radio outshines the vaster

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miracle of an earlier time when another star—or was it Mars?—shone on Bethlehem.

The authors of this article confined themselves to English stories and translations; there seems little doubt that in this field at least the dramatic theme of Christ's reappearance has inspired no outstanding modern play or novel. Yet we do not suppose there to be a Divine Embargo on the telling of such a story, nor on the introduction of such a character. Is it humility that restrains the writer who might have been attracted by the theme? Or is it the skepticism of the age? Is that why more writers have chosen rather a Christ-symbol? And is that why they have been more successful in producing work which a literary critic could approve? For this they undoubtedly have done.

One of the most notable of these stories is Richard Sale's "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep," published in America in 1936. It is the tale of ten prisoners, a motley company of sadists, rapists, homosexuals, murderers, and thieves, and an ex-doctor La Salle who is in prison for abortion; these men plan to escape by boat from the island of St. Pierre. Among them is a mysterious stranger, one Jean Cambreau. Slowly the characters of Cambreau's company begin to change, but with a minimum of that incredibility that often destroys such stories. It can be said of Mr. Sale's story that until the possibility is explicitly denied one is prepared to believe that this is Christ. Perhaps Mr. Sale was a wise man, who discarded the fuller theme and contented himself with the portrayal of a man with supernatural gifts. Or perhaps he had a theme of his own, and that was to show that the divine power was available to all, for Cambreau performs miracles, yet predicts that La Salle will perform them also when he "understands."

Whatever his second purpose, Mr. Sale succeeded in his first, which was to tell a story. He gave to his Cambreau an unearthly quality while endowing him with much earthly grace; his story must be regarded as an achievement.

Symbols are more easily handled than reappearances of Christ, but they also require skill of a high order. Closely akin to Mr. Sale's novel in its treatment of the Christ-figure, but clearly inferior to it as a literary achievement, is Harold Kampf's "When He Shall Appear" (1953). The parallel between the life of Janek Lazar, a Russian-born immigrant brought up in England, and that of Christ is very close in external form. The author is not subtle in pointing to the fact; he suggests strongly through various other characters that Janek is Christ. Janek too has strange powers of healing and a remarkable effect on people when he speaks—though the substance of his message is only (and rather defiantly) that people should be good and kind to one another. He is exonerated in a trial for blasphemy but is then betrayed by a weak disciple and deported to Russia as an alien. This ending is equated with the Crucifixion!—a concept often diluted in our time so as to include any unhappy or unmerited fate.

In contrast to Mr. Sale's sensitive treatment, Mr. Kampf's story is almost a caricature. The message offered by his Christ-figure would be incredibly naive except in a world largely devoid of kindness. The device of telling the story through testimonies at the trial for blasphemy maintains a certain amount of suspense, and a few witnesses come alive. Janek never quite does; he is a faint carbon of a matchless original.

A CHRIST-SYMBOL of quite another kind is the shepherd Manolios in "The Greek Passion" (1954), a novel by Nikos Kazantzakis. Here the shepherd is chosen by the corrupt priest Grigoris to play the part of Christ in the village Passion Play, and on him and some of his friends, including the prostitute Katerina, the expectation begins to work a transformation. This novel has a strong social purpose, which is revealed when the lion-hearted priest Fotis, seeking a new home, arrives in the village with his starving company, arousing all the basest passions amongst the local Christians. Manolios, with eyes new-opened by his devotion, sides with Fotis, and is killed by the angry mob. The Christian parallelism is marked, but the supernatural is not invoked.

Mr. Kazantzakis has a deep understanding of both the individual and the social message of the Gospel, and his Christ-symbol commands our respect and attention; but he is also a skilful storyteller, and obeys the rules of his craft. Therefore his book doubly succeeds.

In many respects the most convincing of these novels, Mary Borden's "You, the Jury" (1952), presents a Christ-symbol more human than divine—though his most devoted followers ascribe divinity to him. Martin Merriedew is disbarred from medical practice because of his faith-healing and his generally anarchistic behavior. His preaching has great power; many efforts at faith-healing succeed, though others fail; his requirements of others are total and unbearable; he associates with disreputable people and often redeems them. In the Second World War he is a conscientious ob-


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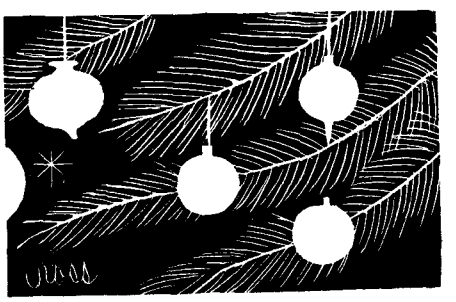
jector serving as a medical orderly, and is subsequently convicted of high treason in that he urged British soldiers to lay down their arms and fraternize with the Germans.

The reader sees Martin almost entirely from an oblique angle, through the reports of others and through testimony at his trial. Christ metaphors are applied frequently to him, and his words (especially at his trial) and behavior are often closely reminiscent of his prototype. All in all, Miss Borden succeeds in creating a convincing portrayal, but its authenticity is validated largely by the humanity of Martin Merridew rather than by resort to innocence or miraculous powers.

From these two categories of stories, one using a supernatural, the other a human Christ-symbol, both lofty in conception, we pass to consideration of the puzzle set by William Faulkner in his "A Fable" (1954), which is similar in its theme to a remarkable story by Georges Duhamel, "Élévation et Morte d'Armand Branche" (1919). His Corporal is a Christ-symbol, but Mr. Faulkner carries the symbolism still further, in that the story itself becomes a symbol of the Christ-story. We are confronted with events rather than characters, an allegory more nearly than a fable, and the Corporal is a symbolic character moving through symbolic events. We cannot die or weep for him.

Mr. Faulkner further addresses himself to a problem which challenges every Christian, that of loyalty to God and Caesar. What is the Christian to do when there seem to be only two choices, either to conform or to disobey? What is he to do in war? Mr. Faulkner's protagonist propounds a Christian solution, the cessation of hostilities, and he is forsaken and executed. Mr. Faulkner's insight is profound enough when he suggests that humanity acclaims the Christ of Hope and rejects the Christ of Suffering, but having chosen so exact a parallelism, he must be judged by it. "A Fable" is the Gospel story, not only without the Gospel, but without Christ Himself. It is Upton Sinclair's mistake on a grander scale. It is another proof that one cannot succeed with a story in which Christ or Christ-symbol plays such a part, unless one has some deeper understanding of the meaning of both Christ and story.



THERE is yet another category of Christ-symbols of a doubtful but fascinating kind. Dostoevsky's "The Idiot" (1868-69), Herman Melville's "Billy Budd" (definitive edition, 1948), Nathanael West's "Miss Lonelyhearts" (1933), Thornton Wilder's "Heaven's My Destination" (1935), and John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" (1939) are supposed by many to use a Christ-symbol. These writers (so far as we know) nowhere stated this to be so, but the fact that so many suppose it seems to indicate a deep modern confusion as to what a Christ-symbol might be. It seems to indicate that our modern world has such a nostalgia for innocence and compassion, which virtues it believes itself to have lost, that it confuses them with the Divine Nature. But Christ was not innocent, nor had he any of the tortured compassionateness of Miss Lonelyhearts.

It is Robert M. Coates, in his foreword to West's book, who calls Miss Lonelyhearts a Christ-symbol. "Miss" Lonelyhearts (a lonely man who writes a newspaper column of advice

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and comfort to those other lonely creatures who consult him) goes from compassion to alcohol to adultery and back to compassion, and is finally shot by another lonely man for seduction. "Miss" Lonelyhearts is not a Christ-symbol, but a Christ-hungry man; and it is only a Christ-hungry world that could be capable of confusing them.

Nor can Billy Budd, in spite of Melville's strange hints, be regarded as a Christ-symbol; it is essentially a story of innocence, such as could fill us (though in this case it does not) with both pity and longing. Nor can Thornton Wilder's George Brush be regarded as a Christ-symbol; but at least the suggestion caused us to reread "Heaven's My Destination," and to enjoy again that strange character who displayed, by the genius of his creator, such exasperating virtue. We are alternately repelled and attracted, and when we are attracted it is again by the portrayal of innocence. Similarly our response to Casy in "The Grapes of Wrath" is that of pity for one inexorably doomed to die for his people at the hands of a brutal mob, but it is essentially one of pathos rather than of awe.

ONE must finally declare that the attempt to tell a story of the reappearance of Christ has been unsuccessful in most instances, from both the theological and literary points of view. But the theme is of such importance to the world and of such challenge to the imaginative artist that it is not likely to be abandoned. The attempt becomes more successful as it contents itself with a less direct portrayal. Further, the attempt to portray innocence and compassion is still more successful, but must not be confused with the attempt to portray Christ; this confusion is that of a hungry and searching world.

Several reasons may be adduced for the comparative failure of the Christ novels and plays. For one thing, the writer can no longer assume that his readers will be really familiar with the story of Christ, nor can he assume that they will not be. He must court all the dangers of mystification, deviation, and blasphemy. His estimate of these risks helps to determine whether he will write an allegory, a fable, or a novel.

Again, the writer faces an inevitable plot from the outset insofar as he recreates the Christ figure. The end is inevitable from the beginning, whatever form the crucifixion may take. Hence he can write only tragedy if he is faithful. He does not have the consolation of the Gospels, which transcend tragedy in the Resurrection. Most often in modern fiction the Christ figure is lost "in the gathering fog" or exiled or executed; we know of no novelist who has undertaken to depict the ultimate triumph. Hence the reader is compelled to behold the agony again without the promise; the Christ figure is reduced to a victim of history, largely without hope other than a vague appeal to the future.

Christ is too complex and paradoxical for easy treatment in any of the traditional literary forms, whether tragedy, comedy, melodrama, allegory or fable. The most perceptive minds in Christendom have debated for centuries about his nature without exhausting the subject, and this outcome must not be attributed merely to theological abstruseness. There is comparable diversity of opinion as to his mission—to save souls, or heal bodies, or illumine minds, or purify morals, or transform society, or reveal God?

Most difficult of all is the effort to relate the human and divine to each other—in short, to portray again the Incarnation. If the emphasis is on the supernatural the story quickly becomes implausible. If it is on human and ethical aspect the Christ figure easily deteriorates into a sentimentalist or moralist, teaching Victorian manners or socialist politics or simple human kindness. On the one hand the task is that of portraying authentic majesty; on the other it is that of rendering perfect humility. Only an author capable of both should undertake to write about Christ.

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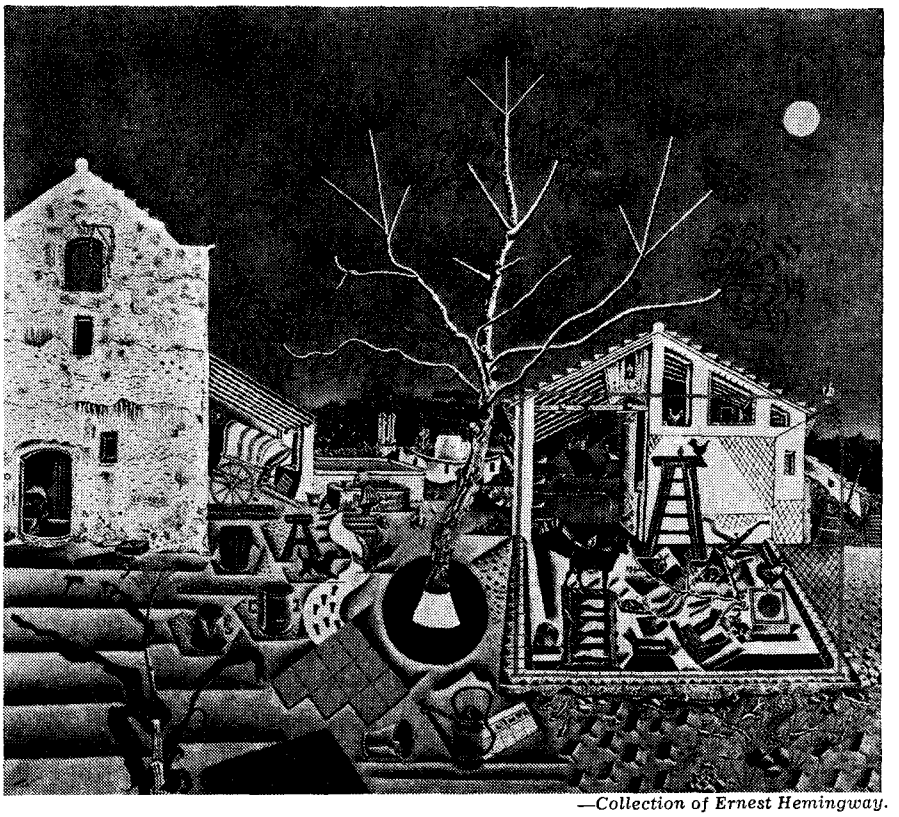
THE FINE ARTS

# Hemingway and Painting



—Collection of Ernest Hemingway.

**Miro's "The Farm"—"something that has taken as long as a woman to make a child."**

ON November 7, in *The New York Times Book Review,* Harvey Breit reported a telephone conversation with Ernest Hemingway, who had just been awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. During their conversation Hemingway mentioned three writers whom he would have been happy to see receive the prize instead of himself—Isak Dinesen, Carl Sandburg, and Bernard Berenson. That an American man of letters should have thought at such a moment of even so famous an art historian as Berenson is remarkable and probably unprecedented. But Hemingway seems to have had more praise for Berenson than for his other choices.

It would be difficult to think of another living American writer of first rank to whom painting has meant so much. (Hemingway appears to have been much less interested in sculpture, and wrote in "Death in the Afternoon," "I know no modern sculpture, except Brancusi's, that is in any way the equal of the sculpture of modern bullfighting.") Some of his compatriots in the Paris of the 1920s shared his excitement about contemporary painting for a time. But most of them returned to their exclusively literary preoccupations after their departure from the French capital. John Dos Passos, for example, told me some years ago that he had given up trying to understand and enjoy the art of his time, though he had once been what his prize-winning colleague would call an *aficionado.* Hemingway, on the contrary, remains as impassioned as ever about the painting of the present —and the past. Who can forget Lillian Ross's *New Yorker* description of his visit to the Metropolitan Museum in 1950, when he talked excitedly about his favorite masters? How many of our writers would tour the Met with such eagerness, even if fortified by sips from a flask and the recent company of Miss Marlene Dietrich?

Hemingway's enthusiasm for art was unquestionably stimulated by Gertrude Stein, before her "Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas" put a final and bitter end to their friendship. At the Stein apartment in Paris the young Hemingway saw and discussed pictures by many of the leading painters of our era, notably Picasso and Juan Gris, Spaniards both and hence especially appealing to Hispanophiles like Miss Stein and Hemingway. Around 1932 the latter himself bought a figure piece by Gris from Flechtheim in Berlin, though at the time he could ill afford the purchase. "Picasso," he once wrote, "is a businessman." And quickly added: "So were some of the greatest painters that ever lived."

The above quotation is from an article Hemingway wrote in 1934 for *Cahiers d'Art* about Joan Miro's early masterwork, "The Farm" (see illustration), which is one of Hemingway's proudest possessions—"I would not trade it for any picture in the world." In the same article he used "The Farm" to take his vengeance on Gertrude Stein for the unkind things she had said about him in her "Autobiography." Of the picture he said: "No one could look at it and not know it had been painted by a great painter and when you are painting things that people must take on trust it is good to have something around that has taken as long to make as it takes a woman to make a child (a woman who isn't a woman can usually write her autobiography in a third of that time) . . . If you have painted 'The Farm' or if you have written 'Ulysses,' and then kept on working very hard afterwards, you do not need an Alice B. Toklas." Today the Miro would bring Hemingway profits other than those of revenge—if he cared to sell, which he does not. "It is going to be worth much more than we will ever have," he said to Evan Shipman, when they were trying to decide which of them should buy "The Farm." The price paid for the picture was 5,000 francs. A conservative estimate of its current value would be around $15,000.

HEMINGWAY has always visited art museums in France, Spain, America, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere. "I learned to write," Lillian Ross quotes him as saying, "by looking at paintings in the Luxembourg Museum in Paris . . . When you've got a hungry gut and the museum is free you go to the museum." He still goes to museums, though he in now famous and well fed, and his taste has been consistent. In 1924 he wrote Gertrude Stein: "I have finished two long short stories, one of them not much good, and the other very good and finished the long one I worked on before I went to Spain where I'm trying to do the country like Cézanne and having a hell of a time and sometimes getting it a little bit . . ." Twenty-six years later, on his tour of the Metropolitan Museum with Miss Ross, he stopped before Cézanne's "Rocks-Forest of Fontainebleau" and exclaimed: "This is what we try to do in writing, this and this, and the woods and the rocks we have to climb over. Cézanne is my painter, after the early painters . . . I learned how to make a landscape from Mr. Paul Cézanne."

Hemingway must be almost unique

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among American writers in claiming proudly that he has learned much about the structure of prose from studying the structure of paintings. Moreover, in some of his books, notably "Death in the Afternoon" and "Across the River and Into the Trees," paintings are given unusual prominence in his exposition or plot. Not since the "Gothick" tales of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries has a painted human image been given a larger allusive role than in "Across the River." In that book, you will remember, the beautiful young Italian Countess presents her American Colonel with a portrait of herself. The portrait is mentioned often and becomes the symbol of the lovers' devotion. And when the doomed Colonel dies of a heart attack he leaves a note which reads: "In the event of my death the wrapped painting and the two shotguns in this car will be returned to the Hotel Gritti Venice where they will be claimed by their rightful owner." Guns and a painting! Hemingway himself could one day write a not dissimilar last testament.

In "Death in the Afternoon" Hemingway declared: "For a writer to put his own intellectual musings, which he might sell for a low price as essays, into the mouths of artificially constructed characters . . . is good economics, perhaps, but does not make literature." Hence when writing this work, which is not a novel but a book about Spain and bullfighting, Hemingway felt free to include many illuminating comments on the three great Spanish masters, El Greco, Velasquez, and Goya. After reproaching Meier-Graefe for trying to prove that El Greco was a superb painter by claiming that his two brilliant successors were not, he goes on to say: "Velasquez believed in painting, in costume, in dogs, in dwarfs, and in painting again. Goya did not believe in costume but he did believe in blacks and grays, in dust and in light, in high places rising from plains, in the country around Madrid, in movement, in his own *cojones*, in painting, in etching, and in what he had seen, felt, touched, handled, smelled, enjoyed, drunk, mounted, suffered, spewed-up, lain-with, suspected, observed, loved, hated, lusted, feared, detested, admired, loathed, and destroyed. Naturally no painter has been able to paint all that but he tried."

The words suggest vividly Velasquez's blinding virtuosity and Goya's intense, blunt, imaginative energy. They prove once more how much American criticism of the fine arts needs the helping hand of novelists and poets. We seem unlikely to get it, except in rare cases like that of Hemingway. —JAMES THRALL SOBY.

# Classic Decline

***"The Arch of Constantine, or the Decline of Form," by Bernard Berenson*** *(Macmillan. 80 pp. 80 halftone plates. $4), is a study of sculpture in the later Roman Empire by the distinguished connoisseur of painting. Here it is reviewed by Professor Emerson H. Swift of Columbia University, who is the author of "Roman Sources of Christian Art."*

By Emerson H. Swift

THE hope expressed in print some years ago by the distinguished connoisseur of painting Bernard Berenson, in his "Aesthetics and History in the Visual Arts," that he might some day discuss the meaning of tactile values in sculpture, has been realized in a rambling essay lamenting the decline of form in the later Roman Empire entitled "The Arch of Constantine or the Decline of Form." His thorough disapproval of the art of this period is unequivocally stated at the very outset: decline is decline is decline! And the thronging symptoms of decay he distinguishes are, most definitely, not to be attributed to new methods and new ideals, but rather to varying degrees of incompetence, perhaps identical with "mere marginalism," with certain childish and primitive styles flourishing on the borders of the Empire, particularly in the East.

Berenson, it seems, is thus a loyal follower of Vasari, believing with the latter that "when all good methods and correct forms had been lost by the death of good artists and the destruction of their works those who came after were in no condition to give either correct proportions or grace of any kind to their designs. The works in sculpture, executed in Rome under Constantine, bear ample testimony to this, more particularly the Triumphal Arch, where we perceive that, for want of good masters, they not only availed themselves of reliefs executed in the time of Trajan, but also of spoils from other parts of the Empire. Thus the earlier spoils are very well done, whereas the works executed by the sculptors of the day are extremely rude."

For Berenson as for Vasari therefore, the postulated decline in the figure arts was due essentially to interior reasons, that is, to the disappearance of creative artists and the survival of mere artisans, who, reduced to successive copying and deprived of leadership, sank back to primitive geometrical patterns, to

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crude and clumsy figures, to vertical and frontal designs. These artisans, moreover, were barbarians or provincials—certainly not the always praiseworthy "Greeks," who in happier days had produced all of that which we mistakenly label "Roman art." Berenson, indeed, in his earlier book above mentioned, had asserted flatly that there was at no time such a thing as "Roman art," because the entire art of late antiquity was as Hellenistic as if Rome had never existed!

WITH a bias of such virulence and intensity against all Roman works save only those traceable to Hellenic prototypes, it is no wonder short shrift is accorded those widely accepted theories which maintain that the artists of late antiquity really planned and fully intended the effects which modern critics point out. And so, although our author grudgingly admits that Riegl had much of importance to say in his book on late Roman arts and crafts—that he did, in fact, produce one of the most stimulating and suggestive works ever written in this field—he nevertheless thinks that the ideas of this scholar, and particularly those of the "brilliantly shallow and misguided Wickhoff," must be held to be ill founded. Late Roman art, through its gradual —and, to Berenson, its almost inexplicable—rejection of Greek form, can be explained only by progressive barbarization and decline. No validity whatever can be attached to Riegl's epochmaking contention that artists grew increasingly tired of form, increasingly indifferent to shape, but more and more addicted to color; that they became still more concerned with the play of light and shade, that they reveled in abstract space, and that, as eventually realized in the processional mosaics of Sant' Apollinare Nuovo, they produced compositions completely detached from background, existing, as it were, in infinity. The striking parallels between this "decline" and the similar disregard of naturalistic form in the abstractions of modern art are, of course, mockingly stressed by Berenson.

Nevertheless, despite his refusal of any artistic quality to the late reliefs on the Arch of Constantine, his skilled eye unconsciously grasps the true significance of the ceremonial panels on the north front, those representing the "Oratio" to the Senators, and the "Congiarium," or distribution of money and food to the people. These he finds "unexpected, no longer antique but medieval," remarkable for their small dimensions and their effect of a distant viewpoint. Although they "have the crudeness of inexpert attempts belonging to no style," he seems to admit that they do in a sense foreshadow the mosaics of Ravenna. Their "tactile value," *i.e.*, the outworn Greek concept of plastic form, has in truth declined, to make way for a new and purely visual art, an art whose evolution follows a consistently rising line through five centuries, from the masterpieces of the Flavian age to a colorful climax in the richly abstract and sonorous Byzantine style of the reign of Justinian. We must sadly conclude that through the publication of his thoughts on the Arch of Constantine Berenson's standing as a critic has also declined.

*—From "The Arch of Constantine."*

**"Trajan's Battle with the Dacians"—"no longer antique but medieval."**

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# Graphic Tour

***"Modern Prints and Drawings: A Guide to a Better Understanding of Modern Draughtsmanship," by Paul J. Sachs*** *(Alfred A. Knopf. 261 pp. 286 illus. $7.50), is a profusely illustrated journey through 150 years of graphic expression, conducted by an eminent teacher and collector. Here it is reviewed by Una E. Johnson, of the prints department of the Brooklyn Museum.*

By Una E. Johnson

ONE OF the most rewarding and generally significant art books to be published in a long time is "Modern Prints and Drawings: A Guide to a Better Understanding of Modern Draughtsmanship." Its author, Paul J. Sachs, is not only well known as a writer but is greatly revered as an eminent teacher and astute collector of works of art. Although Dr. Sachs modestly states in his introduction that this "is a picture book with brief comments about prints and drawings made in modern times," it is no ordinary picture book.

Rather, it is a thoroughly delightful and illuminating journey through 150 years of graphic expression. New and refreshing vistas are seen through the keen perception, warm understanding, and mature taste of an enthusiastic connoisseur and youthful-minded scholar. Dr. Sachs continues: "This is not art history in the orthodox sense. It is a personal selection of pictures I find important, some of which I have loved." Between Goya's powerful and enigmatic "Colossus" and Tchelitchew's strangely haunting drawing entitled "Head" nearly 300 brilliant graphic images and sensitively presented ideas are set within the critical framework of the great and impressive tradition of fine draughtsmanship.

Each artist is considered in the light of his contribution to his own time and against the background of prevailing ideas and events. It is to be remembered that Paul J. Sachs was not only interested in drawings and prints but actively collected them long before they were in any sense popular in this country. When he came to Harvard and to the Fogg Museum his own collection was one of extraordinary quality. Under his guidance and influence it is small wonder that the Fogg Museum collection of drawings is today the most distinguished in the United States.

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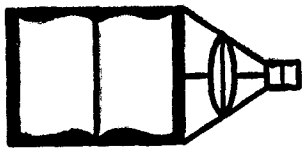

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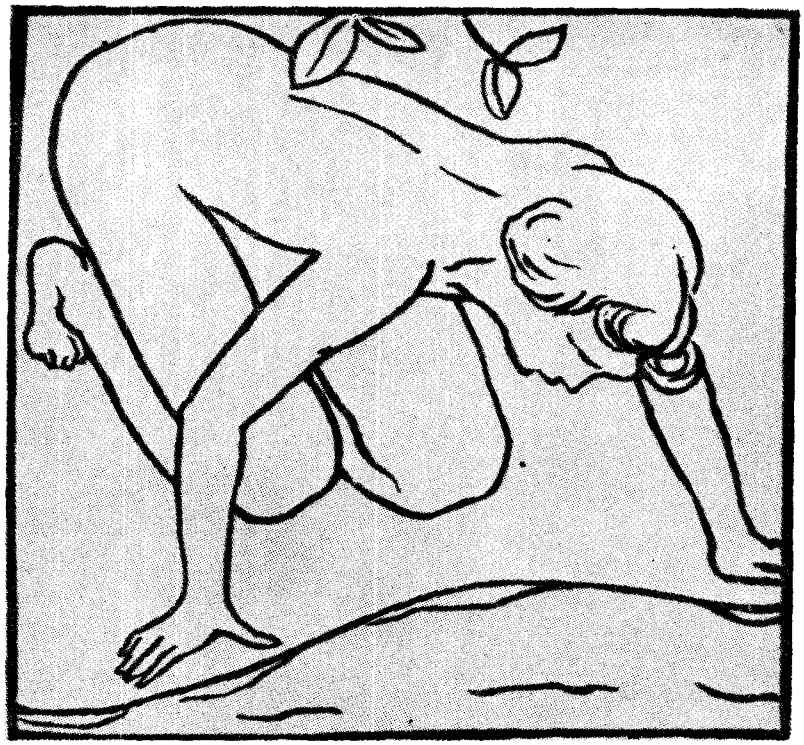

—*From "Modern Prints and Drawings."*

Maillol's woodcut of the Shepherd Corydon—"the fine elegance of understatement."

quite familiar to the reader; nevertheless, the examples of their works are so chosen as to make the reader aware of the vitality of modern art. New ideas of expression, new points of view, the fine elegance of understatement, the prevailing interest in what the artist is saying and how well he succeeds in his statements, these are the things that interest Dr. Sachs and subsequently hold the interest and attention of the reader.

THERE need be no quarrel with the author's personal selection of works he finds important. However, though Dr. Sachs recognizes "the exhilarating revival of distinguished draughtsmanship in Italy," we might wish for more examples and a more venturesome choice among the younger artists of Italy. Similar criticism might be advanced concerning the American and the Mexican groups, where some important names are missing from an otherwise impressive roster. However, we hope that this will not be Dr. Sachs's only book on modern prints and drawings.

To many readers who well may be baffled by the variety of graphic media the final chapter will be most helpful. Here is summarized the technical processes in both drawings and prints. Furthermore, it contains a concise and informative biography of the artists mentioned and a general bibliography. To this might have been added a brief listing of the public institutions in the United States where extensive collections of originals may be seen. If this volume is to be read as widely as it deserves it is of considerable importance that the reader see actual examples of modern prints and drawings. If such a list was not feasible then perhaps a wider range of collections might have been considered in making up the numerous illustrations.

Recognition should be given to the excellent format of the book. The text, set in Times Roman type-face, is clear and concise. The reproductions, printed by the Photogravure and Color Company of New York, give an unusually true feeling of the original. It is perhaps a happy circumstance that most of the originals are in black-and-white, thus they do not suffer from the golden brown haze that emanates from far too many color reproductions. All in all, this volume reflects the admirable taste in bookmaking that has come to be expected from the publishing house of Alfred A. Knopf.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1079)
MAKSIM GORKI (PESHKOV):
*BYSTANDER*
*(Quotation suggested by Gordon K. Creighton)*

Varavka could speak so well that his words passed into one's memory like silver five-kopeck pieces into a toy savings bank. When Clim asked him what a hypothesis was, he immediately answered: "It's a little dog that they hunt truth with."

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# Verse

Continued from page 28

mentary first flights as "The Rock" and "Murder in the Cathedral."

Actually, though, his discussion of the use of verse in playwriting is itself rudimentary. He is much fresher in examining the dramatic monologue —as illustrative of the second voice; and his exposition of the processes of composing (first voice) the lyric or, as he rightfully prefers to say, meditative poem is the clearest I've read.

This "Three Voices" is a tiny book, a printing of an address Mr. Eliot gave a year ago in November before the National Book League in England. It has throughout the urbanity and the flickers of humor usual in his literary essays. —W. T. S.

**APOLOGIA FOR LANGUAGE AS ART:** There is an old crack that whereas in most countries the latest generation of poets brushes aside its immediate predecessor in its impatience to get on with something new, in France the latest generation always exclaims, "Now, let us have Poetry!" It is such intolerance with which one is hammered into insensibility in **"Paul Valéry and the Civilized Mind"** (Oxford University Press, $4). The author, Norman Suckling, lecturer in French at the University of Durham, finds in Valéry a pure poetry compared to which all else is dross. It is, Mr. Suckling believes, language carried beyond its fiduciary function into a realm comparable to that of the greatest music and architecture and mathematics; confronting such poetry, "The mind realizes itself . . . by releasing itself from all that recalls our commitment to a domain other than that of its own unchallengeable primacy—from all that would force our attention upon the event rather than the idea."

Nowhere is Mr. Suckling's prose of the helpful kind, but he is clear enough in this: "We are not surprised that one [Valéry] so satisfied of the supreme importance of a directive intention towards ideal order should have found in the most characteristic evidence of this intention—the act of artistic composition—the most apt subject-matter for poems themselves." (Well, comparatively clear!) Just so. Santayana somewhere has warned against the dry rot which infects art when it becomes more interested in itself than in what it is saying; and where Mr. Suckling discovers an aristocratic purity devoutly to be wished, he in fact exposes, I think, a deadly overintellectualization of human experience. —W. T. S.


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*(Continued on page 66)*

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(Continued from page 65)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1080

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By Doris Nash Wortman

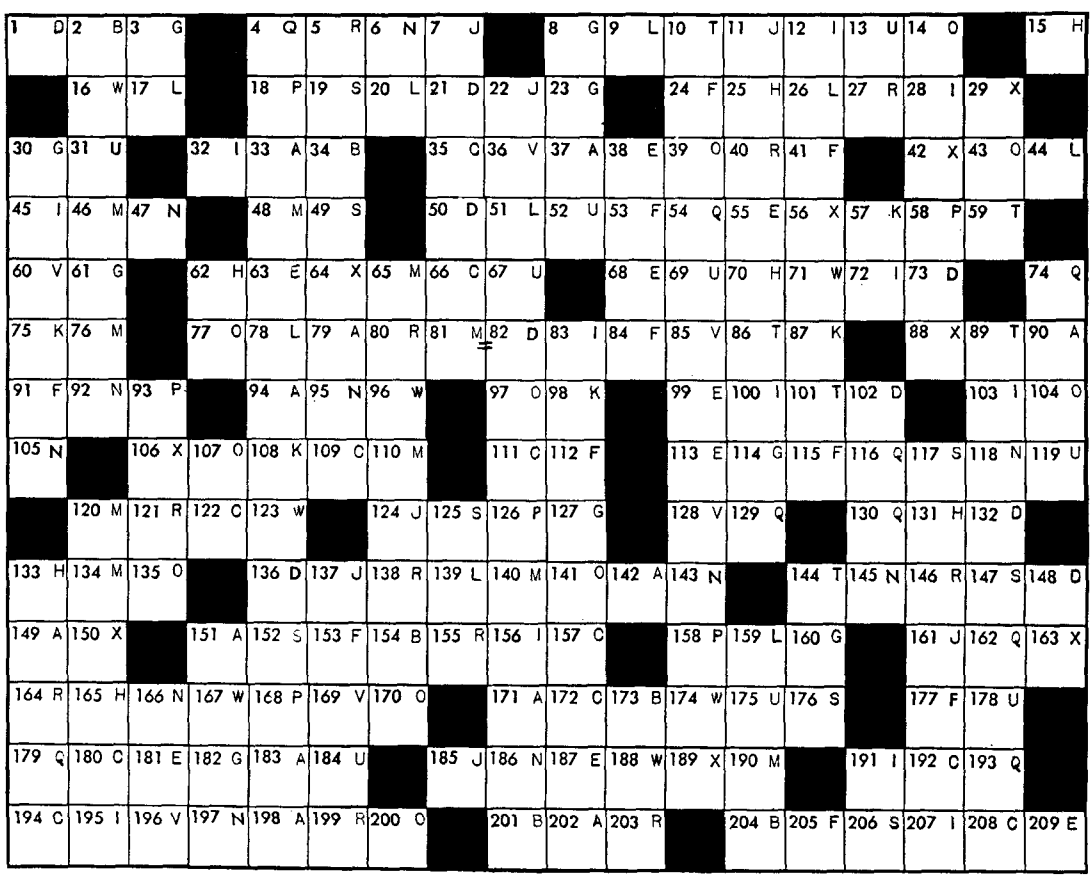
| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Benét says, that mysterious place where a person makes a fool of himself (Scott). | 198 94 142 79 37 151 171 90 183 202 149 / 33 |
| B. Land of heavenly joy in "Pilgrim's Progress." | 201 34 173 204 154 2 |
| C. Author highly praised by Voltaire for his "L'Education Nationale," 1763. | 66 35 194 180 122 208 172 109 192 111 157 |
| D. Capacity for sensation. | 148 132 73 1 82 102 136 50 21 |
| E. Eastern U.S. swamp rabbit, larger than a cottontail (2 wds.). | 99 181 38 55 113 68 63 187 209 |
| F. Expurgation, nowadays considered Nice-Nellyism. | 24 177 115 84 91 41 53 205 112 153 |
| G. Last in a series (3 wds.). | 3 8 23 114 61 30 127 160 182 |
| H. Rare metallic element, atomic weight 45. | 25 131 133 165 15 70 62 |
| I. Deed or course of action deemed correct by moral or social standards (4 wds.). | 103 191 72 207 195 83 156 28 32 100 45 / 12 |
| J. Ancient Egyptian city now known as Mit Rahina. | 161 7 124 11 137 22 185 |
| K. Where political strength lies. | 108 87 57 98 75 |
| L. Fiber of China grass (2 wds.). | 20 44 17 26 78 159 9 51 139 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| M. Any of several sets of percentages showing variations in land value (used in real estate; 2 wds.). | 76 46 140 120 110 190 48 65 134 81 |
| N. Cause to sprout. | 118 95 143 105 47 6 145 197 92 186 166 |
| O. Dextrally spiral (said of univalve shells; comp.) | 107 141 170 104 14 77 39 97 200 43 135 |
| P. Equiglacial line through points where ice melts at same time in spring. | 168 93 58 158 18 126 |
| Q. Oxen have four, on the ends of their legs (2 wds.). | 4 116 74 130 193 129 162 54 179 |
| R. First woman to receive the Order of Merit, 1907. | 164 155 40 121 203 138 27 80 5 146 199 |
| S. Momentous. | 176 117 152 49 206 19 125 147 |
| T. Fabulous creature, like a cockatrice with dragon's head, no spurs. | 10 89 144 86 101 59 |
| U. One who makes avowal of faith or allegiance. | 52 119 69 178 67 175 184 31 13 |
| V. Spanish colonial administrator who began large importation to Amer. of Negro slaves (d. 1518). | 60 36 196 169 85 128 |
| W. Internat'l organization for the succor of animals, orig. in Switzerland (2 wds.). | 167 188 96 71 123 16 174 |
| X. Crosses. | 106 64 163 88 150 42 29 189 56 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.*

*Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.*




**Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 64 of this issue.**



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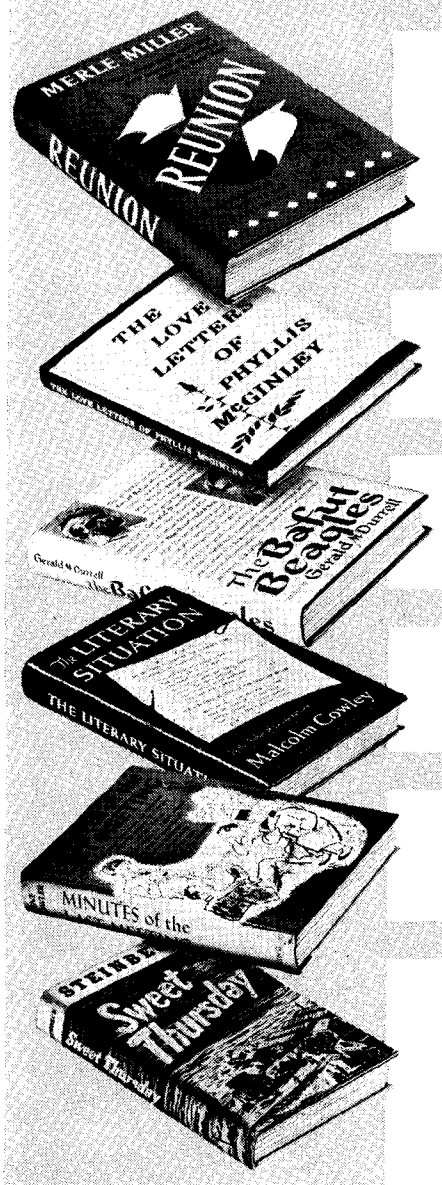


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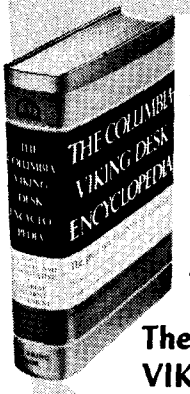


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